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DIRGE TO A SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF BRIG. GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY.

BY GEO. S. BOKER.

Close his eyes—his work is done;
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow—
What cares he? he cannot know.
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fights:
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low, &c.

Fold him in his Country's Stars,
Roll the drum, and fire the volley;
What to him are all our wars?
What, but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low, &c.

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him;
Mortal love weeps idly by,
God alone hath power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low, &c.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIG SHIP FROM THE OTHER SIDE—A DISAPPOINTED LOVER GETTING THE BETTER OF HIS SORROW—A GROUP OF CHARACTERS ON DECK—UNEXPECTED MEETING OF FREEMAN AND HENRY BENSON—AN ACCUSATION AND ITS DENIAL—AN APOLOGY—THE CARD.

It is now over two years since the ship Great Eastern made her first passage to New York. Her advent to this city will be long remembered. Thousands of our people, advised of her approach, crowded the Battery to catch a glimpse of her; all our shipping was decorated, and as she glided past the wharves on the North River to her moorings at the foot of Hammond street, many a hearty cheer sounded in the ears of those on board.

A few days sufficed to put the "big ship," as the stranger from London was called, into fit trim for the reception of visitors, who were too glad to pay the fee demanded, so that they might have the opportunity of examining this ocean wonder. It was on a day specially noteworthy from the more than ordinary numbers of persons who came on board, that the events we have to describe in the present chapter transpired.

Among the visitors there, were Edward Bleackley, Charles Darcie, Mortimer Jennings, Henry Benson, and Captain Freeman. The last named, being an acquaintance of Captain Hall, the commander of the Great Eastern, sat with that gentleman in his cabin some time, and enjoyed himself over more than one bottle of first-rate wine. Fortunately for himself, and fortunately for the peace of the ship, would it have been if he had not come upon the deck until one of the parties named above had departed. Jennings and Benson visited the Great Eastern that day in company, and kept together nearly the whole time they were here.

The meeting of Bleackley and Darcie was more than usually cordial. The fact was, that Charlie was getting tired of singing the song of "Willow," and had contemplated several times of late, the possibility of his living without Miss Celestine Draper, whose marriage with Bleackley was expected to come off very shortly. Young Darcie did not ask himself why this happy change had taken place in him, or when it had been commenced. But had he done so, we believe that the words, "Arabella Davis" and the "race on the Union Course," would have been suggested to him. His faithful Phelim was much better advised with regard to his love affairs. "It is none but the illegant Elsie that I am thinking of now. Phelim, you're a big fool if you don't make her Mistress O'Duff." So spoke the warm-hearted Irishman; and straightway he commenced warbling the "Groves of Blarney."

Under this fictitious character, as a mere sight seeker, Edward Bleackley had formed the acquaintance of Mortimer Jennings and Henry Benson. Both had been met at a gaming house on Broadway. By Jennings, Edward had been introduced to Mrs. Lorrimer, with whose charms he was not so strongly or so suddenly impressed as it had been thought he would be. At the same time, neither of the male desperadoes seeking his association had been the means of plucking him of a tithe of what the two had hoped and expected. But they bided a more favorable season, as also did the woman by whom one of them, at least, had been sent to work.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon, when the approach of Captain Hall, with a few personal friends then on a visit to him and the ship, was announced. Glancing in the direction of the chief cabin, the eye of Henry Benson was the first that fell upon the good-humored countenance of the commander; a few seconds afterward, it took in the form of Freeman.

"Curses on him!" exclaimed Henry. "He here! and what is worse, he has been drinking—that is evident. Were he sober, the thought of his family and the congregation to which he belongs would probably persuade him to silence and non-recognition of me. But when the liquor is in him, I know his heart. I must be cautious, and leave the ship before he sees me."

Making some excuse to Jennings, Henry Benson left the part of the ship he was then in. Soon lost among the crowd, he felt more at safety, and was about to quit the vessel altogether, under cover of a large party, also on the move, when an unlooked for circumstance interposed.

"A man overboard here! a rope! quick, quick!"

Such was the cry that brought every body to the side of the ship whither Henry had gone. A young man, more agile than cautious, in quitting the vessel, had missed his footing, and been precipitated into the river. Immense excitement prevailed for a few moments, but when it was seen that the youth had been rescued, only the worse by a thorough wetting, matters resumed their ordinary sway.

"Now, then—I will seize the opportunity and depart," said Henry; "but he could not execute his design, as he heard himself hailed by name, and felt that a thousand eyes were on him. Under these circumstances, all that he could do was to put a bold face on the matter, and trust to his own address to help him out of a scrape. Turning round, he met the fiery face of Freeman.

"Oh, my young sport, I have met you again (so commenced the seaman.) Upon my honor, a very fine figure with your fashionable clothes and gold jewelry. Where was your last theft committed? and what was the amount gained?"

The first impulse of Henry Benson was to knock down the inebriate captain. He, however, restrained himself, deeming it best to show entire ignorance of Freeman—an artful dodge, which taken with the too obvious condition of the sailor, would most likely induce the people on board not to believe a word he said.

"The man must take me for somebody else," said Henry Benson. "I know him not—never saw him before in all my life. Beside, he is drunk; and who can believe the babblings of a drunkard? It is a pity that the discipline of this English ship should be so lax as to admit of such troubles."

"Never you mind about the discipline of the ship, young man," responded one of the officers. "We will look to that. In the meantime, don't you see the captain is doing all he can to restrain the gentleman? And after all, who knows that he does not speak the truth?"

"Speak the truth!" exclaimed Freeman. "Of course I do. Why, this is the very rascal I was talking about the other night. Where, scape-gallows, is the $200 you robbed me of some weeks since?"

This was a good opportunity for Henry, and he caught at it on the instant.

"Robbed you of $200! *Where?*"

The last word sobered Freeman. He dared not answer.

"Where? I say," resumed Benson. "It is easy for you to bring a charge of robbery against me; but to substantiate it, enter into particulars. You have stated the sum taken from you. Now, state the place of the transaction. Was it on the land or the water?"

No answer from the crest-fallen Freeman.

"Was it in New York? If so, up town or down town? Among the fashionable ten thousand, or the unfashionable million?"

Again, no reply from Captain Freeman, who began to repent the part he had been playing. At length he thought it politic to frame some excuse for his conduct, for he saw that the feeling was against him. Even the officers of the ship frowned on him.

"A very awkward mistake, anyhow," was the observation of a bystander. "One that I should not be inclined to tolerate."

"If any man said such things of me without cause, I would have the heart out of him were he as big as Goliah, and strong as Sampson," was the observation of another—a small but determined looking man, whose white teeth gleamed as he spoke.

Freeman saw that he must act the conciliating; else he would be in a tight place.

"I am sorry for the mistake I have committed, for mistake I admit it to be; and am ready to make all necessary amends. Here is my card;" and he produced it, but some how, quite unknown to him, it fell from his hand. "Here is my card," he continued. "Freeman is my name. I am a captain in the mercantile marine, and sail in three days hence for Australia, in the good ship Citadel. I have been mistaken, I say, and I am sorry for it."

Edward Bleackley was sorry too, to find a trusted servant of his father and associate in business so out of proper order as Freeman had been; but he was fain to forgive him. At the same time he had his misgivings about Benson, which was not at all lessened by the information conveyed to him by detective McQuaff, who had been stationed on board the Great Eastern that day in citizen's dress.

"There is some mystery here," whispered the officer. "From my experience in such matters, I should say that the captain was right—that he has really been robbed by the youngster whom he accused, but in a place he would not like the world to hear of. I know my fine gentleman yonder."

"I suppose you do," observed Edward, following the glance of the detective towards Benson; "and the other," he continued, refering to Jennings.

"Him too," responded McQuaff. "A very shady fellow indeed."

By the persuasion of Captain Hall, the commander of the Great Eastern, Freeman had retired from the deck of the ship, and re-entered the cabin; at the same time, young Benson, naturally willing to quit the spot of a disagreeable meeting, took the arm of Jennings, and hastened away. Jennings also had his reasons for quitting, and began to breathe more freely when he found himself on *terra firma*.

CHAPTER XV.

A SCENE AT MRS. LORRIMER'S—FEIGNING LOVE AND MAKING PRETTY STRONG ADVANCES—A HEART OF ADAMANT—AN ADIEU—ARRIVAL OF FRIENDS WHO HAVE BEEN "CUT" ON ACCOUNT OF BAD CHARACTER—VENGEANCE FOR INSENSIBILITY AND INSULT—GILES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF CHATHAM STREET—PURCHASE OF A DISGUISE—FOR WHAT IS IT INTENDED?

Only once more did Edward Bleackley visit Mrs. Lorrimer and the gambling house on Broadway. For these visits he had sufficient reason, and fully accomplished his object, as we shall have to show. Meanwhile, it must have become apparent to the reader, that our young gentleman was not likely to be injured by the parties with whom he had recently become acquainted, and that he had associated with them solely because he had a relish for those scenes of life in a great city, of which, it may be said, the million know little. From the commencement, he had entertained doubts touching the character of Mrs. Lorrimer; and since the information conveyed to him by Detective McQuaff bearing upon Jennings and Henry Benson, the impression of Edward had been that the three were worthy of one another. He would bid adieu to all of them, to the lady first.

Accordingly, he went to her house, where he found her in an elegant *dishable* in which Mrs. Lorrimer had arrayed herself, in the hope, if not the expectation, that Bleackley would call on her. The "shyness," as she called it, of her intended victim, had inflamed her amatory passions; her non-success in extorting money from him, which was to come after the conquest of his heart, also appealed to her selfish nature. Therefore, her next interview with Edward Bleackley was to be an important one.

He came, as we have said, and found Mrs. Lorrimer prepared for her work upon his heart and pocket. Never did woman play her cards better than this wily creature on the occasion in question. The abstracted manner, the hurried and confused words, the sigh, the leer, all these were tried in succession; and still Bleackley stood firm. Then it was the more unequivocal kiss and embrace, and the flood of passionate words, that assailed him; still he stood his ground.

Let not the reader start at this. Edward Bleackley was no stoic. He had warm, passionate blood in his veins, just like any other young man of his age and circumstances. But, *unlike* many of his sex, he entertained an elevated idea of the woman he could love, a better idea of the one with whom he could form even a temporary connection, than all this burlesque of Mrs. Lorrimer could inspire.

"How, sir!" exclaimed that baffled pretender. "Am I so hateful to you? Do you scorn a love like mine, after the proofs I have given you of what that love is?" and Mrs. Lorrimer flopped herself down in a chair, as though quite overcome with her feelings.

"Hateful to me, my dear madame?" said Edward, mischievously, "Oh, no! far from it. Nor do I scorn your love; or, indeed, the attachment of anybody. But it so happens that I am an engaged man. Therefore, if you desire a husband, you must seek him elsewhere. By-the-by, there are your friends whom I have seen here. Youth is on their side, and, I dare say, money, if it is allowable that I should mention so mercenary a consideration in the presence of one who, I have every reason to believe, deems money the most valueless of all earthly possessions."

"Leave me!" ejaculated Mrs. Lorrimer.

It was her last endeavor to find whether she could bring Bleackley within the meshes of the net she had spread for him.

"Leave me, and never see me more!"

"Well, madame, I will do so," returned Edward. "Yet, ere I go, allow me to express my regret that our acquaintance should have thus terminated, and that you should have felt towards me sentiments which, considering circumstances, it would be utterly impossible for me to reciprocate. Come, your hand at parting;" and he went up to Mrs. Lorrimer, with his own hand extended in a most friendly manner.

"Jester! devil!" exclaimed the lady, starting up from her chair, and no longer playing the part of an actress; "and, oh! greater fool I, ever to suppose I could make an impression on such a block of adamant! Go, sir! quit my house immediately!"

With his most winning smile, and a bow of consummate grace, Edward Bleackley quitted the presence of Mrs. Lorrimer. No sooner was he out of hearing, than she resumed:—

"Was ever woman slighted thus? I, to whom the betters of this stripling have offered both heart and wealth! I, who could bring the magnates of the land to these feet! Vengeance! I will have it! Aye, Edward Bleackley; were you ten times what you are, I *will* have vengeance!"

For many hours this thought was the all-absorbing one of Mrs. Lorrimer's brain. Her purposed agents will be guessed—Benson and Jennings. Fortunately, as she conceived, both these men visited her that night. They, too, had to talk about Bleackley.

It seemed, from what they said, that the three had met that day, and that both Mortimer and Henry had been apprized that they must no longer hold themselves as acquaintances of Edward. An explanation had been demanded, and frankly given, to the effect that the extreme ambiguity of the confederates, characters, had counselled the resolve that had been arrived at. We may here observe, that the day following that of the disagreeable affair on board the Great Eastern, Detective McQuaff had been able to speak more fully of Benson and Jennings than on the previous occasion.

The action of Edward Bleackley had evidently rankled in the hearts of the two men, who joined Mrs. Lorrimer in threats of future reprisals. She did her utmost to fan the flame into a mighty blaze, and succeeded, fortunately, with Jennings, whom she told, when left alone with him at a later hour, that Bleackley had made an attempt upon her person—that person which had been promised to Mortimer, and which he now beheld nearer his embrace the nearer he consummated vengeance on the supposed insulter of Mrs. Lorrimer.

The confederates were to meet at Mrs. Lorrimer's house the second day after the one described. The appointment had been made for the morrow, but Benson had excused himself from that, on the plea of important business. It was very late ere Mortimer Jennings departed—close on midnight.

About seven hours before, our old acquaintance, Stephen Giles, might have been seen in the neighborhood of Chatham street, curiously examining the clothes' stores there, kept mostly by the sons of Israel. He was in search of something, but what, nobody could have the most remote idea, until the burly fellow stopped before an auction store, wherein great bargains were being disposed of at small prices—so it was said.

"Dollar, dollar, dollar!" exclaimed one of the "peoplish," the possessor of an immense nose; "only a dollar bid for this beautiful coat! Now, look at it! A dollar I say. Two? That's right. Going for two dollars, and dirt cheap at that. Going, going; two and a half! A bid of an extra half dollar; a proof that it is worth more than half the money. The last new cut, and made of the best materials. Does anybody offer more than two dollars and a half for the coat? Going, going; three dollars!"

Giles did not wait for any more speechifying. He had glanced around the store, and then left it, simply because he did not see anything in it which seemed to serve his turn. In the store he next entered he was more fortunate, and made a speedy purchase, consisting of a suit of rough clothing. Paying down his money, and taking up his bundle, Giles retraced his steps, though not without dropping into one or two taverns, and indulging in a "smile," more or less.

"Here are the 'togs,' captain," said he, addressing Henry Benson, whom he re-joined at an appointed house. "I don't know what you want them for, nor is it my place to ask. But this I am sure of—that if you want to disguise yourself, you could not have a better one than this. However, captain, you will stand in need of more stuffing here. Look at that coat—these pants—why, even I should not half fill them out. Some stuffing, certain, some stuffing, though very different from the turkey's. Ha, ha, ha!" and Giles laughed uproariously at his own jest.

"'Tis well," responded Henry. "I shall require them to-morrow night. Take care of them till then, and also provide the means of making them appear as though they fit me."

"All right, captain. In the meanwhile, let us drink. Brandy, there, for both!"

We have shown whether Henry Benson went at a late hour on that day, to Mrs. Lorrimer's; we have also stated how he excused himself from calling at that lady's house until the succeeding day, alleging that "business" would keep him absent. Probably the reader will be anxious to know whether the strange suit of clothes purchased in Chatham street, by Giles, was ever put to service. A period of a subsequent chapter will render all necessary information on that subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN AMATEUR'S DEBUT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JACK PERCY.

I have a friend whom I will call Jack Anderson, one of the wildest geniuses that ever walked this earth. At one time he belonged to an Amateur Dramatic Association in this city, and a short time ago he gave me the following account of his first and only appearance on the amateur stage:—

"Some two or three years ago," said Jack, "I was taken with the stage fever. I became possessed with the idea that I would make one of the greatest actors the world ever saw. Forrest would be placed completely in the shade, and the past greatness of Garrick would be considered as naught when compared with my future achievements. I knew I was not very bad looking, and that I was pretty well made, and had a good, strong voice—not a very musical one, perhaps, but a very loud one. I had been the pride of the teacher of elocution in school, and why should I not succeed upon the stage? Thus I argued with myself, and had made up my mind to apply to some theatrical manager for an engagement, when a friend advised me to try amateur acting first.

He introduced me to a friend of his, who informed me that upon the payment of one dollar, as an initiation fee, I could become a member of the —— Club. I jumped at the offer, and was duly proposed and elected a member of the association.

I supposed that, as a matter of course, a person of my transcendent abilities would be given leading parts to perform at once. But, alas! I was doomed to disappointment. I soon found that there was a clique in the club which monopolized all the best parts, and that myself and others who were not in the good graces of the said clique, must be content with such crumbs of comfort as they chose to give us.

The gentleman who considered all the leading parts his own peculiar prerogative, was the stage manager of the club. He stood about six feet three inches in height in his stocking feet, and had what would have been a very good voice, had it not been for a strong Irish accent which pervaded its tones. The prompter of the association used to do all the lovers—he had a very bad habit of speaking through his nose, and of drawling out his words with a gasping accompaniment. He was a short individual, rather inclined to obesity. Malicious persons sometimes called him fat, but he indignantly repelled the soft insinuation, insisting that he was only a little stout; at all events, he weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

The treasurer of the association did all the heavy villains. He was a slight built man, dark complexioned, and deeply pitted with the smallpox. He wore a tremendous black moustache, which gave him a very sinister aspect. He spoke in short, sharp tones, something like the auctioneers in Chatham street, when selling second-hand clothing. He also labored under the same disadvantage as the stage manager, viz., the Irish accent. Now the Irish accent is a very fine thing when a man is performing an Irish character, but it is rather *mal apropos* in such characters as Laertes, and others of the same class.

No ladies were permanently attached to the club, and the members were sometimes driven to their wits' ends to obtain them for the female parts.

After I had been a member of the club about two months, it was announced by the treasurer that there were sufficient funds in the treasury to give a performance. The bill fixed upon was Richard the Third and Presumptive Evidence, and I, who fondly imagined that I should at least obtain the part of Catesby, was cast for the officer who appears in the first scene, and who says:

"Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass,"

and Ratcliffe. I had at least one satisfaction—all the members had but one part each, while I had three—such as they were.

After two or three rehearsals, which were more remarkable for the noise and disorder which prevailed than for attention to stage business, we were pronounced by the manager to have attained the necessary perfection to fit us for a public performance.

At last the eventful night arrived. I was on the stage at least two hours before the curtain was to rise, practising my entrances and exits until I considered myself perfect. One by one the other members arrived, until all were there. The time for the performance to commence was drawing nearer and nearer, but the costumes did not arrive. The performers began to look blank, and curses both loud and deep began to be showered on the costumer for his delay. The long expected came at last, with his precious wares in a large wicker basket. He hurried into the large dressing room (there was but one for the male performers), and deposited his load on the floor. Then ensued a scene which baffles description. Each one of the members rushed towards the basket, crushing and crowding his neighbor in his eagerness to secure a dress, not the one best suited to his character, mind you, but the handsomest I was green at this business, and fared but poorly in the general distribution. I was forced to content myself with a dirty green hunting shirt, trimmed with black cotton velvet, and an old pair of yellow cotton tights, to perform my three parts in. Russet boots were not to be had under any consideration, and I had to use my own ordinary pair; rather inappropriate for Richard Third, I think. I got a hat, and *such* a hat! I challenge all the decayed theatrical wardrobes in the country to bring forth its equal. It looked as if it had been doing duty for the last forty years. The lining was almost all torn out, half of the bugles were broken and hanging on by the threads, and the silk crown was of various colors, ranging from a dark brown to a bright pink. The male performers were all dressed at last, and ready to proceed with the play, when an unlooked-for obstacle presented itself. The orchestra had become uneasy in regard to their payment, and refused to give a single note until they got their money. A general assessment was made, and the demand of the musicians satisfied in full. The overture was finished, and the curtain rose. I got through my first part without any trouble, and wondered at my self-possession. Poor fool, I little knew what trials were in store for me. The curtain fell on the first act, and all the amateurs were congratulating each other upon their decided success, but a damper was soon placed upon their enthusiasm. The lady who had promised to enact the character of the Duchess of York, was *non est*. The stage manager (the Richard of the evening) was in a dilemma. At last, by dint of great persuasion, he succeeded in obtaining the consent of a young lady who was on the stage, to read the part.

The audience were becoming slightly impatient, when the stage manager went before the curtain, made a short apology, and the curtain rose the second time.

This act went off well enough with but one exception, which was, that the Duchess of York, becoming interested in the performance, and losing her place in the book, consumed some few minutes in finding it again, which gave rise to some laughter among the auditors; still, they kept very orderly, all things taken into consideration,

Before the third act commenced, a new drawback was discovered. Word came that the expected Duke of York could not come on account of having been taken sick with the measles. Here was a pretty mess. A messenger was sent into the audience to procure some boy who would read the part. He soon returned, bringing with him a boy of about sixteen, with the reddest head of hair I ever saw in my life. A book was thrust into the boy's hand, and a blue silk scarf tied over his shoulder, and thus accoutred he was pushed on the stage. That act went off as well as the preceding ones, and the curtain fell.

It had not been down long, when a furious noise in front proclaimed that a new element had introduced itself into the heretofore quiet audience. The stage manager applied his eye to a hole in the curtain for a single instant, and then started back, white as a sheet, saying—

"A lot of the —— Ward boys have got in, and we hired five policemen to keep them out."

The policemen had received their money, remained a few moments, and then left for parts unknown. I looked through the hole in the curtain, and from the appearance of things generally I came to the conclusion that there were "breakers ahead." The stage manager lost his self-possession completely; he sat on a settee, without speaking, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

The treasurer, who had been in one of the dressing-rooms drinking lager with Queen Elizabeth, here made his appearance on the scene. Upon being made acquainted with the state of affairs, he was almost as much taken aback as the stage manager had been, but he had a spirit equal to the occasion, and soon recovered himself. The noise in front of the curtain now warned the performers that further delay was dangerous. "Raise that curtain," cried the treasurer, and it shortly rose amid a horrible noise. The stage manager made his entree, and was welcomed with a tremendous round of mock applause.

The boys knew their power, and were determined to use it. "Skinny," "legs," "spindles," and other epithets were freely used.

At the end of every speech of the manager, an individual in the second tier would cry out—

"Oh! Great God!" in the tone of an aged Irish woman suffering intense pain.

When Buckingham (the treasurer) came on, his reception was scarcely inferior to that of the stage manager. As soon as he commenced speaking, his voice was drowned with cries of—

"Old Clo;" "going, going, gone. "Gentleman leaving the city left this carpet bag," and others of like import; but Buckingham pursued the even tenor of his way, to all appearance unmoved by the taunts which were showered upon him from all sides.

I made my first appearance as Ratcliffe in this act. From what I had already seen and heard, I expected to be accorded the same tokens of approbation as had been so plentifully bestowed upon my brother amateurs. I was not mistaken. "Come hither, Ratcliffe," said Richard. "How fares my queen? Has my physician seen her?"

"He has, my lord, and fears her mightily," replied I. This was the signal for a grand outburst.

"Flat boats," "mud scows," and other jokes at the expense of my boots were freely bandied about. In the midst of the uproar, I could distinguish a loud, shrill laugh, which could not possibly proceed from any one but a female. I turned towards the direction from whence the sound came, and there in the second tier I beheld the very man who had advised me to join the amateurs; and along side of him were two women whose business pursuits was proclaimed to the world by their style of dress and the paint on their faces. My friend was evidently setting these women on to blackguard me. The instant I turned, one of them cried out—

"Hello, Jack, how are you?" The eyes of the whole house were instantly turned on her, and the uproar was kept up with redoubled fury for a few moments. If I could have laid hands on the woman at that moment, I would have strangled her with as little compunction as I would a chicken. After the noise had subsided a little, Richard went on with his part—"She'll mend shortly."

"I hope she will, my lord," said I, and turned to walk up the stage. The noise that ensued was perfectly deafening. Peal after peal of laughter arose from the audience.

"For God's sake get off the stage," said the stage manager. "You've split your tights."

You can swear I made quick time for the wing. The stage manager was right—my tights were split, and badly split, too. How to repair them was now the question. With some pins, and the assistance of one of the lady amateurs, I at last succeeded in closing up the rent.

Owing to the accident which had befallen me, another member "doubled" my part with his own during the remainder of the act. I did not go on again until the fifth act, and it was with the greatest misgiving that I did go. Much to my surprise, everything went off quietly during my first scene. But it was but the lull in the tempest; in the last scene of the act I felt the full force of the hurricane. Richard, as usual, cried out—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse;" I rushed on with a drawn sword, saying "Withdraw my lord," etc. The hurry of my movements disarranged the pins in my unfortunate tights, and three or four of them began to stick in me. I put down my hand, and gave my tights a sudden jerk to rid myself of the pins, and in so doing I tore the devilish old tights in an entirely new place. The audience perceived it instantly, and then followed a scene almost impossible to describe in words.

"Flat boats," was yelled from the parquet; "mend them tights," from the boxes.

And to cap the climax, one of the *ladies* I have before mentioned, remarked—

"Give it to him; he's my seducer."

The last accusation was too much. Sword in hand, and uttering a furious oath, I sprang for the footlights,

"On murderous deeds intent,"

and if it had not been for a warning cry from the stage manager, which re-called me to my senses, our performance which seemed to be so broad a farce to some of the spectators, would probably have been changed to the deepest tragedy.

My exhibition of fury had only the effect to increase the laughter at my expense. I threw down my sword, and went to the dressing-room, where I found Buckingham cursing the people who had broken in upon our pleasures in so rude a manner and created such discord—and undressing himself at the same time. Buckingham had removed all his garments but one, when we heard a loud noise at the stage door.

"You can't come in," said the doorkeeper in response to a query from the outside.

"If you don't open that door d—d quick, you'll get hurt," came from the outside.

The doorkeeper evidently knew who he had to deal with, so he opened the door, and in came about a dozen of the fellows who were the cause of our troubles. This was *too* much for Buckingham, and he dashed at the intruders. At sight of Buckingham in his shirt alone, the new comers fell back a few paces. On went Buckingham, "fire flashing from his eyes," but before he reached the "bold invaders," Queen Elizabeth rushed frantically forward from her dressing-room, threw her arms wildly around the neck of Buckingham, and pressing him to her bosom, cried—"Don't dear Billy, don't fight, don't, for my sake."

The scene was too much for my modesty. I retired to my dressing-room, and resumed my ordinary clothes. From that night until the present time, I have never either taken part in or been present at an amateur show.

"SOMEBODY GET THE SWAB!"

A THEATRICAL ANECDOTE,

BY SOL. SMITH.

Gas had not been introduced into St. Louis in 1839, and our oil-lamps at the wings had a dangerous way of flaring up in a most unruly manner, occasionally threatening to set fire to the lamp ladders, and thus endanger the building. The lamps were open "floates," with wick holders coming up from the bottom, and the oil, when heated, would take fire, and burn in a large flame. To guard against accidents, we had a tub of water placed on each side of the stage, with a large swab or mop in it, ready for use at any moment; and scarcely a night passed without a swabbing being required. The wing hands (subordinate stage carpenters) were instructed to keep a strict watch over the wing lamps, and to use the swab promptly, whenever occasion might require. Besides these watchers, every actor and actress felt a deep interest in the swabbing process, and it was not an unusual thing to see Richard the Third, or Hamlet, just before entering upon the stage, catch up a swab, and dash it upon the rising flames, which, if not attended to, were likely to burn up the Tower of London, or the Royal Palace at Elsinore.

Miss Tree was performing the part of Juliet, and had taken her station (Act II., Scene 2,) on the balcony, for the purpose of enjoying the fresh night breeze, after the fatigue of the ball which had concluded in the previous act, and to think of the young pilgrim who had so greatly interested her during the festival, when, casting her eyes over the way, she saw that one of the wing lamps was just beginning to flare up, and all eyes being fixed upon her, there was imminent danger of a conflagration. The fair Juliet had taken her seat on the balcony, but was observed to fidget and turn in a most un-Juliet-like manner, calling out through the window behind her, in a loud whisper,

"Somebody get the swab!"

Romeo, who had entered from the right-hand side, and had not seen the flaring lamp, went on with his speech, interrupted from time to time by the lovely Capulet:—

Romeo—She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Juliet (aside)—Where is Mr. Sol. Smith? Will somebody call him?

Romeo—Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

Juliet (aside)—Will nobody get the swab? We shall all be burnt up!

Romeo—I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Juliet (aside)—No; it is to somebody to bring the swab. Where is Mr. Sol. Smith?

Romeo—See how she leans her cheek upon that hand; oh! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek.

Juliet—Ah, me! (Aside.) We'd better not go on. Where is the swab?

Romeo—She speaks. Oh! speak again, bright angel.

Juliet (aside)—If that swab isn't brought this instant, I'll come down—I will. Ah! there's Mr. Sol. Smith, with the swab, at last.

Romeo—(Speaks the balance of the speech, unheeded by Juliet, who is watching the swabbing.)

Juliet—Oh! Romeo, Romeo; wherefore art thou Romeo? (Aside.) Thank heaven! the danger is over; the swab has saved us!

THE STOLEN ORANGE.—One of our compositors came into the office on a Monday morning, and looking into a drawer where he kept his bodkins and other implements of the kind, he remarked that there was much difference between the honesty of an office like ours, and a "daily" office. We asked him his reason for the remark. He took an orange from the drawer, and holding it up, said:—"This orange I put in here on Saturday, and it is here now; yesterday I was down in one of the daily paper offices, and a man who was 'off' had left an orange in his drawer, and I stole it!" We saw in an instant the truth of his remark.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ILLUS. SPORTING NEWS, London.—1. Our chances of ascertaining anything about the "Rebs." are very slim. When last we heard of Aaron Jones, he was "alive and kicking." Unfortunately for himself, he is the only pug on the other side the "fence." For all that, we hope the report of his death is not correct. 2. We have lost track of Mr. James Ward since he retired from business. Can you give his present address. 3. Have not heard whether Geo. M., Esq., received that beautiful lithograph of Adah Isaacs Menken. How is it?

P. J. C.—One superintends the general business of the theatre, the second attends to the stage arrangement, and the third to the acting business, casting the pieces, etc. The prompter sees that each man "speaks his piece" according to the book, and when the performer forgets his part, he, the prompter, sets him right, by giving him the points. The property man has to see that all properties for the evening are at hand, ready for use, when needed.

A. B. C., New York.—"A, B and C are playing at 'Don Pedro.' Clubs are trumps. A has one to go, B has seven. C leads the Jack of trumps, A plays the tray, and claims game for low. B plays the ace, making seven, and claims the game. Which is right?".....Low counts before the one for Jack, as in all fours, consequently (if the hand was played out) A won.

MEERSCHAUM, Philadelphia.—1. We are not posted on the beef question. 2. In playing all fours, the dealer is entitled to one for each Jack turned up, as soon as turned up, and should the cards run out, he neither forfeits points so made, nor does he lose his deal.

S. and B., Chicago.—Australian Kelly was defeated by Dan Kerrigan at Island Pond, Vt., on the 31st August, 1860. The fight, which was for $1,000 a-side, occupied 25 rounds, and 45 minutes; the battle was given against Kelly in consequence of his striking Kerrigan when the latter was down.

JUSTICE, Philadelphia.—1. We did not take you for a manager, but we know that in order to gain you the *entree* desired, it would be necessary to ask favors of managers. 2. We have no photograph of the Arch.

DR. H., Prescott, C. W.—The money was returned on or about Feb. 21st, for reasons stated in an accompanying note. You have probably received it long 'ere this. The parties named are reliable so far as we know.

J. C., New York.—In cutting for deal, when the lowest deals, the ace is considered the lowest card; when the highest deals, then it is reckoned as the highest, so that the party cutting an ace in either case, takes the deal.

D. C., Troy, N. Y.—The lastest information we have in reference to the Marsh troupe of juveniles, is, that Marsh's Lyceum, at Melbourne, Australia, had recently closed with the insolvency of Mr. Marsh.

W. H. L., Pittsburgh.—1. Will attend to it. 2. It makes but little difference what our gouty neighbor says, as we never see the paper. If It couldn't give It's feelings vent, It would burst, sure. Thanks for your interest in our behalf.

GEO. F. STONE, 22d Mass.Reg.—Quite correct. The "spons" duly "arrove." Some "obstruction" has doubtless prevented your CLIPPERS from reaching. Let us know what numbers missed, so that we can remit again.

MUSCLE.—1. "Fistiana" contains an excellent treatise for what you require. 2. Apply at any gymnasium, or go and see them going through ther manœuvres. That's the simplest way of getting at the points.

W. E. E. K., Dayton, O.—1. The lowest card entitles the holder to the deal; and B, having an eight spot, becomes the dealer. 2. The one next to the dealer is entitled to score game when there is a tie.

COL. T. A. B., Mount Vernon, O.—We regret being unable to give your document *in extenso*, but it arrived so late, and our columns were "crowded to suffocation." Be merciful, therefore. Papers sent.

J. H., Baltimore.—We had the purport of the news before your letter came to hand. Fresh items are what we prefer; items that others are not likely tohave.

"OUR OWN," Philad'a.—Whatever is sent us, of importance, we always publish. We omit such matters as we deem of no general interest.

JAMES H. C., Boston.—Pay for that? Certainly not. We were "too full" last week to make room for your document. All fixed this week.

YOUNG CANADA.—A is wrong. A British soldier can claim no such consideration, as the *best* bed in the hotel on which he may be billeted.

WM. M. A., Pittsburgh.—We have no circular, other than appears in the CLIPPER, stating rates of advertising, etc. Thank you.

T. O., Globe Village, Mass.—1. One mile in 1 min. 40⅘ secs. is the best time recorded. 2. Consult some book on the peerage of England.

GUN BOAT, Norfolk, Va.—You win the V. One for Jack is taken by the dealer as often as turned up, whether the cards run out or not.

A PENNSYLVANIA ZOUAVE, White Oak Church, Va.—The lady was married some years ago, and has retired from the stage.

WEST TROY.—Your query is not clearly stated. We should think, however, that the town clock would be the best referee.

MICHAEL H. C., Grand Falls, N. B.—1. No such paper in existence. It "busted" a long time ago? 2. Specimens sent.

H. McL.—He who makes the trump, takes it up, or orders it up, has the privilege of going alone, but none other.

SARGENT, Cairo, Ill.—Received too late to be of service, owing to the blocking up of the roads by the late snow storm.

HARLEQUIN, Providence.—The mails did not come to time with your letter last week.

T. K., Boonesboro.—1. All right. 2. Tom Hyer still lives, and keeps a hotel in Fourth street, in this city.

ARCHIE L. AND ADAM K., Hamilton, O.—Your subscription does not expire for six or seven weeks to come.

J. E. T., Fort Schuyler, N. Y.—A "full" beats a "flush;" and four of equal value beat either of them.

CORINTHIAN TOM, Boston.—Three hundred is the highest count to be obtained in a string of ten frames, at ten pins.

A. A., New Baltimore, Mich.—We are sorry, but we have not a single copy of the issue of the CLIPPER you ask for.

H. D., Detroit, Mich.—A watchful eye on our theatrical summary will soon discover their whereabouts.

CORPORAL, Boston.—There is an office for recruiting in the regular army in Chatham street, near Pearl.

M. B. L., New Bedford, Mass.—Have sent your letter to the party solicited.

A. G. S., East Saginaw, Mich.—The book is sold at $2 and $5, according to size and style.

B., Nashville, Tenn.—We shall be glad to hear from you. See our dramatic department.

JAMES H., Pulaski, N. Y.—Of Mr. Roberts, 96 Ninth Avenue.

ZOUAVE, Falmouth, Va.—We do not comprehend your question.

A. S. G., Prescott, C. W.—The paper has "caved in."

P. F., 10th U. S. Inf., Fort Kearney, N. T.—Recorded.

YOUNG AMERICA, N. Y.—We are unable to state.

MYETTE.—Will look it over. Thanks for items.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

On the 15th day of the present month, the posting of $230 a side between Joe Coburn and Tom McCoole, is to take place at Ed Wilson's, The Woodbine, Weehawken, according to the Articles, and it is very probable both men will be present. As stakeholder in the match, we shall deputize our ring reporter to attend at each and every deposit, and give all the interesting scenes and incidents connected with the posting ceremonies. Coburn is starring it in the principal cities, but we believe McCoole is keeping all serene till the proper time. More particulars next week.

IMPORTANT BILLIARD CONTRACT.—At length the long-talked-of billiard contract between Messrs. Kavanagh and Goldthwaite has been made, and the articles of agreement have been signed, sealed and delivered, and as they give all necessary particulars for the time being, we here publish them verbatim, from the original draught, reserving comment, because of the crowded state of our columns, until a future issue:—

"Dudley Kavanagh and Wm. Goldthwaite agree to play a match game of billiards for the sum of five hundred dollars a side, fifteen hundred points, caroms, on a Phelan pocket table, with 2⅜ inch balls, the match to be played on Thursday, April 23, 1863, to commence at 7 o'clock P. M. The game to be played at Irving Hall, the proceeds, after deducting expenses, to be equally divided between the players. The sum of one hundred dollars a side is now in the hands of Michael Phelan, the stake-holder, as a forfeit for the above match. The balance of the money is to be placed in the hands of the stakeholder on the evening of the match, before commencing play.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH,
Witness, C. O'CONNOR. WM. GOLDTHWAITE.

TOM THUMB'S BILLIARD TABLE.—The splendid billiard table presented to Tom Thumb by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, is a very *bijou* affair. It is made of solid black walnut, the legs and sides carved in most elaborate manner. It has only four pockets, thus combining all the advantages of the American and French tables. Its dimensions are 3 by 6 feet, and 22 inches in height. It has a single bed, and is built exactly the same as a large table. All the paraphernalia is perfect, and finished to match the table. The balls were turned from the identical set used by Berger on his visit to this country.

JOHN C. HEENAN MATCHED TO FIGHT AN UNKNOWN FOR $10,000.

In our issue of Feb. 21st, we gave publicity to what we then supposed was a sensation canard, to the effect that our American Champion, John C. Heenan, was matched to fight an Unknown for $5000 a side, in six months, preliminaries to be arranged in a month's time. From the silence of the latest British sporting journals on the subject, our suspicions were strengthened, but we take pleasure in stating they were incorrect.

We were informed last week by an intimate friend of the Benicia Boy's, and in whom we place the greatest reliance, that the statement is correct in the main, *a letter having been received here from Heenan direct, which he had read*, fully corroborating it. Said letter also stated that the matter had been kept quiet for specific reasons, one of which was, that he (Heenan) wished to avoid notoriety in this second contest in England, as it was not for reputation, but purely for pecuniary reasons that he intended to fight. The reason assigned is all very well in its way, but we presume that back of all, the quiet desired, is to avoid being disturbed when training, etc. The Unknown, with whom he is matched, is said to be Tom King, the late conqueror of Jem Mace, so that, if Heenan should gain the victory, he will have defeated the man who whipped the champion, and thus secure all the honor that can possibly accrue in that direction. Heenan has exhibited a great deal of shrewdness in making this match, and has taken the CLIPPER'S advice, to let the Championship alone. In doing so, he has secured the advantage of having a good round sum to fight for, which is much more desirable than fighting for a mere £200, or $1,000 a side. It was well known that, no matter with whom he would be matched, but Mace in particular, the odds would be so much in his favor, that it would take a big fortune to win a small one, but in fighting for a given sum, the investment would be even. Now that the belt is left out of the question, we hope that a more satisfactory result will be arrived at than in the battle of Farnborough, and that the best man may really win. As the affair progresses, whatever facts may come to hand, CLIPPER readers may rely on getting as early, if not earlier, than through any other source; but we shall take no part in gulling the public by publishing idle rumors for mere buncombe's sake, as is too often done, we are sorry to have to say, by would-be sporting journals. Unless a paper can be relied upon, it is of no earthly service to the reader; on the contrary, it is a humbug and a snare, and "we'll have none on't." For facts, promptly told, see the CLIPPER.

THE PUGILISTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN STILL.

IS HE AN AMERICAN?

Affairs in connection with the Pugilistic Championship of England appear to be progressing satisfactorily, and the third deposit, of £25 a side, as will be seen by referring to our foreign department, has been made. On that occasion, it was satisfactorily established, it would seem, that the Unknown, though still unknown by name, is no myth, and that he is no inhabitant of the spirit world, but some one made of flesh and blood, and therefore competent to receive a knock-down, whatever his powers of giving may be. But there still remains a question that we, and, we suppose, our many readers would like to have solved; and that is—Is he an American? From what has been written in English papers, we should infer that he is; but farther than that, nothing has as yet transpired to fix his place of nativity. Heenan has denied being the man, and there is none other that is known here, that is likely to enter the lists against Mr. Mace in a conflict for the Championship. It is possible, however, as we have before intimated, that he may yet consent to do battle, and perhaps Mr. Bernard may be speculating a little on such a probability, and is willing to risk a few pounds for the chance of a "big take" on a sure thing, which it assuredly would be, should the Benicia Boy consent to go in once more for the bauble. Isn't that so, Owen Swift? If it is an American that has been talking fight *sub rosa*, and not Heenan, that six-foot ship carpenter will have to be found, or some other lusty youth. Our trans-Atlantic friends are at fault about Joe Coburn, for, as they have learned through the CLIPPER by this time, he has got his hands full nearer at home for a week or two. At all events, whoever he may be, if he fights under the stars and stripes, we hope he will comport himself valiantly, so that Uncle Sam may pat his back approvingly when the hurly-burly's done, etc. By way of enlightening our readers all we can on this all-important pugilistic event, we give the latest quotations from the foreign sporting journals in another column.

A FIZZLE.—The skating season of 1862-3 may be set down as a lamentable fizzle, there having been but three or four days of skating during the entire winter. Somebody must have suffered terribly in consequence of this failure, for more than usual expense was incurred in preparing the various skating ponds around us, and dealers in skates laid in very large stocks of "runners," "rocky dumps," and other steel-clad contrivances for sport upon the ice. Most of this supply still remains on hand, the mildness of the season deranging the entire business, and preventing any sort of demand for skates. Those gentlemen who paid heavy sums for the privilege of selling refreshments, etc., on our skating ponds, must be great sufferers; for there has been little or no chance to dispose of their commodities. Proprietors of ponds are not the greatest losers—many season tickets were sold before the winter set in, so that the money received for such tickets is just so much gain; but take it all in all, nearly every person interested in our skating ponds are sufferers by the skating failure.

GREAT.—The NEW YORK CLIPPER, of last week, contained six columns of advertisements of amusements, and matters connected therewith. No other paper in this country has ever made such a display; and the London *Era*, a sporting and theatrical paper like the CLIPPER, is not very far ahead of us in that respect. The present number of the CLIPPER is also well stored, and shows a healthy condition of our amusements. If things continue at this rate, our little sheet will have to be enlarged, in order to accommodate those who may wish to take advantage of its wide circulation and extended influence.

YOUNG GLADDING'S "LAST BEST."—This famous caricaturist of Frederick's Photograph Gallery, has just finished a drawing of Colonel Nugent, which, for quiet humor and as a "double intender," is worthy of a Cruikshank, or any other shank. Mr. Gladding has also designed a rich burlesque of the German tragedian, Daniel E. Bandmann. Scarcely a week goes by that he doesn't get up something new. So far he confines his genius to the male gender, but we think there's a great field among the crinolines, and that, too, without giving the slightest offence. What thinks our American Cruikshank?

CROWDED OUT.—An over full cargo compels us to leave a large part thereof on the dock, including our entire foreign theatrical summary. Will try to find room for it on our next trip.

CONDENSED FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.—A gallant fight took place in Victoria, Australia, the last week in November, between Bill Clarke and Jack Robinson, for £200. They fought 37 rounds in 100 minutes, when police interfered, and the referee declared the battle off for the time.....Tierney and Blount fought Feb. 10, for £20, near Tamworth, Eng., 89 rounds, 2h 2min, when Blount's seconds threw up the sponge for him, against his inclination. Tierney got the filthy lucre.....Young Tyson and Connolly had a "go" Feb. 10, near London, for £20. Time, 1h 35min, and 73 rounds were fought. Connelly, thinking he had had enough, gave in, and Tyson "raked the pile.".....The champion of champions, our old friend Jem Ward, is about opening a new hotel in Holborn, to be called "THE SIX CANS AND CROWN." It is a much finer neighborhood than Whitechapel, and Jem is sure to flourish.....W. F. Wyndham, of Felbrig Hall, was to have publicly presented the Wyndham Cup to his particular friend, Jem Mace, on Feb. 24, at the Criterion Hall, Leicester Square. "Reserved seats, 5s." A good spec..... Young Holden, one of Charley Lynch's old opponents, is going to get a cup, too. We are compelled to abbreviate this week, as usual, for want of space. Such of the above matter as may be of interest here, will be given more in detail in our next.

DOG SET-TO.—Feb. 25, the great match between Crib and Bowfy came off in Detroit, Crib winning in 27 minutes. We have all the particulars, but "can't get them in."

THE RING.

JOE COBURN AND CON OREM IN WASHINGTON.—We have a letter from Mr. Coburn (of whom there is a capital likeness in the London *Illustrated Sporting News* of Feb. 14, and is to be another in the same paper of Feb. 21), dated the above place, March 1st. On the 27th ult., Con Orem had a wrestling match with a man named Donnelly, for $250 a side, the best two in three, side holts. Con threw his man four times, and his umpire claimed, but the judges decided against the style of the falls, and it ended in a draw. Joe and Con had an exhibition on the 28th Feb., which was very well attended. The wind-up was between Coburn and a young man from Alexandria. These gladiators will give one more in Alexandria in a few days, and then back for home, so as to be on hand when the next deposit for the American Championship takes place, viz.: March 15, at Ed. Wilson's. It is generally understood one of the Benicia Boy's old opponents is supplying all the needful for Tom McCoole.

COBURN AND OREM ON THEIR TRAVELS.—After the Philadelphia exhibition, these fistic stars went to Baltimore, and tried to get one of the theatres for an afternoon sparring entertainment, but the "City Fathers" wouldn't grant them a license, even had the proprietor allowed the use of his house for that purpose. They were to have gone on next to Washington. Joseph has earned the respect of several distinguished people on his route, and is pronounced "a very gentlemanly sort of person." Con makes considerable fun among the boys, and at Philadelphia, one individ., who took him for a "flat," got ignominiously floored. Fun, aint it?

ILLNESS OF "FIGZIE."—Andy Hines, of the McClellan Saloon, 11 West Houston street, has been pretty low the last few days, and it is said he spits blood. "Figzie" always had a sickly appearance, and people are struck with amazement to think that such a small package as he makes the best of times, should have exhibited such extraordinary pugilistic qualities as he has done at various times during his residence in our city.

TOM MCCOOLE HEARD FROM.—The principal backer of Tom McCoole (Harry Hill) in his match for the American Championship with Joe Coburn, recently received a letter from St. Louis, where Tom resides, expressing his satisfaction with all the preliminary arrangements of this great match, and his anxiety to have it brought to a successful issue. We may expect Mr. McCoole on here shortly.

TOMMY MEAKIN'S BENEFIT IN BROOKLYN.—Don't forget to be on hand at Phœnix Hall, Court street, Brooklyn, this (Tuesday) evening, March 3. Jim Heffron and Tommy Meakin give the wind-up.

"INDISPOSED."—Our ring reporter has to apologise for breaking several engagements, owing to severe indisposition, contracted during the recent great snow storm, and "that's what's the matter."

JOHNNY MCGLADE UP FOR A BEN.—The man that gained such notoriety by being matched with Janitor Roche, is at present in Brantford, C. W., where he has a large boxing school. On the 27th ult. he was to have had an exhibition there.

FITZ OF PROVIDENCE IN A TURN-UP.—Last week, Fitz, who is working up-town very steady at his trade, had a dispute with one of the workmen, and fought it out right in the shop-yard. Fitz is pretty big, but the other man was bigger. The Providence hero got one of his fingers knocked up in the combat.

JACK BATH'S SUCCESSOR.—Billy Sargent, comedian and vocalist, has now possession of the Deer's Head, 25 East Houston street, having bought out the right, title, and good will of the said estab. together with all the pictures and fixtures, just as they were in Jack's palmiest days. Billy is an old hand at the biz, having kept hotel many years in William street and on Broadway, and if anybody can make the place pay, he can.

TROTTING ON THE ICE.—The races for Thursday, Feb. 12, at Lake Massabesie, Manchester, N. H., were postponed on account of the unfavorable weather. They came off on Friday, the 13th ult., when the weather and the ice were splendid, and there was a very large attendance, testing the capacity of the Island Pond House pretty thoroughly. There were two races. The first was between G. W. Corbett's black stallion, Joe Hooker; George Whittemore's bay stallion, North Star; and Isaac Copp's bay gelding, Johnny Jenkins; mile heats, best two in three, for a purse of $25, offered by L. M. Underhill, proprietor of the Island Pond House, a good many outside bets being also pending on the result. The first heat was very close between the gelding and bay stallion, Joe Hooker coming in nearly a distance behind. The judges, however, gave the heat to him, having decided that the others gained their advantage by running. After some talk, North Star was withdrawn, and Joe Hooker won the next heat and race. The following is the summary:—

G W Corbett named bl s Joe Hooker	1 1
James Turner named b g Johnny Jenkins	3 2
D C Whittemore named b s North Star	2 dr

Time—2:48; 2:46¼.

The other was a pony race between the two ponies, Tom Thumb—owned by Isaac Copp, of Haverhill—and Commodore Nutt—owned by James Turner—both very fast, and said to have trotted three miles inside of nine minutes. It was for a purse of $50, mile heats, best three in five, but only one heat was trotted, as Tom Thumb threw a shoe, and was distanced. Time, 2:51.

GYMNASTICS AT KNICKERBOCKER HALL.—An old contributor, "Phantasy," thus speaks of a pleasant little reunion among the up-town athletes: "One of the neatest entertainments that has taken place this season, came off at the National Gymnasium, corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, on Friday evening, 20th ultimo. The exercises were under the supervision of Mr. John Bale, who by-the-bye is the "right man in the right place." Everything passed off with great *eclat*, and the audience (a greater portion of whom were the fair sex) seemed well pleased with the entertainment. The principal trick was the 'Grand Act on the Flying Trapeze' by Messrs. Ladd and Bale. Both gentlemen were received with great applause; they are considered the best amateur trapeze performers in the city. The 'L'eschelle' by little Ed Montague, was a splendid performance, and he, too, received a good share of applause. The several performers worthy of mention were Messrs. Ladd, Bale, Smith, Swift, Lefferts, St. John, Field and Walker. A young man, whose name we could not ascertain, undertook to take the character of a clown, but he did not amount to much, and had better be left out next time. The floor committee, Messrs. Condon, Porter, Edwards and Allien, managed the seating of the audience in such a manner that every one could have a good view of the performances. These gentleman were quite busy during the evening keeping intruders off the floor. Brown, the proprietor, was "in all his glory," and through the exertions of his pupils is making out finely. The former proprietors, Messrs. Raatz & Beach, are both dead. Raatz was drowned at Long Branch, and Beach was killed at the battle of Williamsburgh, Va.

WRESTLING CHALLENGE—HARRY HILL TO JOSEPH HOWE.—It having come to Mr. Hill's ears that Mr. Howe has been blowing that he threw Mr. Hill on a certain occasion three times in succession, and which Harry says exists only in Joseph's imagination, "for throw him he never did," to prove whether Howe can wrestle as well as he can talk, Hill authorizes us to say that "he will wrestle the said Howe for from $50 to $500, any hold he likes, any time he likes, any weight he likes, and any place he likes." This ought to fetch him out, and we shall see whether "Howe goes it" or not.

CHIPPEWA CRICKET CLUB.—The following is the list of officers of this Philadelphia cricket club, elected for the ensuing six months:—President, Saml. W. Merrill; Vice President, Matthew Cummings; Secretary, George D. Melloy; Treasurer, Chas. Lownes; Field Captain, J. J. Hurley; Match Committee, Pratt, McBride, and Hurley; Ground Committee, Chas. Bomeisler, E. McNally, W. Hurley; Property Committee, Lownes, Barry, and Hutchinson. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, 723 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RENSLEY ACCEPTS MICKEY FREE'S CHALLENGE.—We have a letter from Jas. B. Rensley, of Poughkeepsie, in which he agrees to both challenges. Rensley will run Mickey Free a five mile race and jump 500 hurdles, for $25 a side, both races to come off at Poughkeepsie, and the hurdles to be three feet high, the man running the distance and knocking down the least number of hurdles to take the amount. Rensley also accepts Mickey's *defi* to pick up 100 stones, one yard apart. On Mr. Free's sending a deposit to our office, Mr. Rensley will cover it.

COCK FIGHT.—The sporting fraternity of New Bedford, Mass., visited that rural retreat called Chepachet, one afternoon last week, to witness the passage at arms of several braces of fighting cocks. The battle was between Fall River and New Bedford, for the championship, and we may now consider that both villages are about equally matched, as the result of the four battles which were fought was that New Bedford carried off the palm in two engagements, and Fall River won the other two. The betting was $25 a side on each battle, with a large amount of outside "puttings up."

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. M. W. Fiske, George Holman, Edwin Holmes, J. E. Green, L. B. Lent, Harry Hotto, J. S. Maffit, Harry Hapgood, Charles A. Morris, J. M. Melville, Mons. Bidaux, and Miss Fanny Lingard.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 2, 1863.

"Come, gentle spring, etherial mildness, come." According to the gentlemen who edit our almanacs, we are now entering upon that beautiful season of sunshine and flowers, house-painting, and April showers, known as the spring-time of the year; but March is a rude and boisterous month, and until we have passed St. Patrick's anniversary, we can have but faint hopes of realizing the poet's idea of spring. Once across that dreaded line, then may we bask in the warm sunshine, sniff the perfumes of early flowers, and go the lunch route without fear of slipping up in the perilous passages of our ice and snow-beleagured thoroughfares.

On Monday night, Feb. 23d, the operatic spectacle called "Satanella" was produced for the first time at Niblo's, under the auspices of Mr. Peter Richings and his estimable and talented daughter. The house was well filled on the occasion, and that by a really appreciative, and, as it proved, indulgent audience, who were present to enjoy themselves under any circumstances. And they did so, for, despite the errors invariably accompanying a first night's performance, even, it appears, under such able management as that of Mr. William Wheatley, they were so gratified with the excellence of the parts that were done well, that they temporarily forgot to find fault with the blunders resulting from the want of sufficient time for the necessary rehearsals. But for this drawback, the performance would have been worthy of high praise, for the acting was good, the music still better, and the stage appointments, especially in the way of dresses, were on a par with the reputation Niblo's Theatre has obtained this season in this respect. But Miss Richings' exquisite vocalization was, of course, the feature, and the hearty applause that greeted her efforts throughout, was such as to prove to her how highly she is esteemed in this vicinity. The ballet was above the usual standard, especially the astonishing Terpsichorean effect of the three prominent artists, Galletti, Marzetti, and Katrine. Lamb was prominent in the funny business, and Mrs. Shewell's acting proved that she will be an acquisition to the company. Madames Skerrett and Chanfrau looked as charming as ever, and Shewell as gay, gallant, and bold. Of the others we have to say that they made the most of their parts. The music was excellent throughout. We visited the Garden again on Thursday evening, when, despite the very unfavorable state of the weather, a comfortably full house greeted the talented "Satanella," and were, as usual, highly gratified with her warblings. Miss Richings was encored in the drinking song in the second act, called "The Vintage of Champagne," and again in the third act. The defects in the machinery, scenery, etc., at the first performance, were entirely remedied, and everything went off merrily, as though it was "well soaped."

We took a peep at "Pauline" at Wallack's on the 25th, and although we went late, found plenty of seat room, in the vincinty of the "back seats." The first and second acts suited us pretty well, only we felt like getting in our "one, two" on Lester, as Horace de Beauval, for handling his gun in so unsportsmanlike a manner when shooting the boar and saving Lucien de Nerval's (Reynolds) life. By the way he "pinted that piece," one not up in natural history would have taken the boar for a bird "up a tree," or "soaring in the azure blue of the summer hevings." As a sportsman, we are tender on that subject, and the son of his father will please handle his gun in a proper manner hereafter. Lester and Norton played cards pretty well just after, which put us in good humor, or we should have left instanter. Mrs. Hoey, Miss Henriques, and Mr. Parsloe, acted well their parts as usual, but we think Pauline a little too tragic for Wallack's. The old comedies, the backbone, so to speak, of this house, are soon to be repeated.

J. H. Taylor, the banjoist, had a rousing benefit on the 23d, at Hitchcock's New National Theatre and Music Hall, in Canal street, and the place was so full of his friends, that no amount of coopering could have headed it up. A first-rate programme was given, and we couldn't begin to enumerate the volunteers—enough for a regiment, any way. The beneficiarie made that banjo of his'n speak again. A novel and good idea was put in force that evening, viz., calling out the districts of fires that occurred. Taylor should have a patent for his invention, and if places of amusement would adopt the plan generally, our firemen, who can only attend at the risk of a black mark, and that they don't like, would patronise the theatres to a far greater extent. The fire boys, you know, like to go one eye on the show occasionally, as well as other people. Messrs. Managers, make arrangements at once to call out when and how many she strikes. J. H. invited all the volunteers on the above occasion to a banquet on the stage at the close of the performances, and gay times were had. We should like to see the man that nine such Taylors would make.

It is not often that we find such a great combination of comic talent in one minstrel organization as may now be seen nightly at Wood's Minstrels. In this great "embodiment of fun" may be found Eph Horn, Charley Fox, Frank Brower, and Nelse Seymour, all most excellent comedians, and each one a star in his own peculiar line of business. In most Ethiopian troupes there are but two comedians, who occupy the ends in the first part of the programme; but in Wood's employ we find a quartette of comedians, second to none in the business. Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels, when performing at Niblo's Saloon a couple of years ago, had a trio of funny men that it would be difficult to surpass, viz.: Billy Birch, James Unsworth, and Ben Cotton; but now Mr. Henry Wood goes "one better," and plays a grand "combination of four," which takes down the persimmons. Go see and hear this excellent band at their splendid hall, opposite the St. Nicholas.

The great snow storm of the 22d Feb., the subsequent few days of sleighing, and the wind-up of rain, curtailed "slightnally," the number of visitors at our theatres during the past week, and made the labors of the treasurers less arduous than usual. However, business has been so good during the entire season, that a falling off for a week or two does not inconvenience managers.

Another old place of amusement received a knock-down blow last week. The building known as the Chinese Museum, in Broadway, above Broome street, was sold at public sale on the 25th Feb., for $155,000. Some years ago it was occupied as an exhibition room for a large collection of Chinese curiosities. It was afterwards used as a minstrel hall by Buckley's Serenaders, who did a fine business there, and made money; they did so well, that they invested their funds in the erection of the building now known as the French Theatre. The Buckley's removed to their new house, and failed to draw. The Chinese Building was afterwards taken by Frank Rivers, who established a concert saloon there, and for a long time did a splendid business. This hall was one of the pioneer music halls, for, until its establishment, but little business was done in that line. It subsequently passed into the hands of other managers, and, when the Anti-Concert Saloon bill was passed, it was vacated, and but little has been done there since.

Comic singers of the male persuasion, and young ladies who can sing and dance, will please observe that a good opportunity for an engagement is offered among our advertisements by F. J. Howes, No. 600 Broadway. Call or write at once.

There was a sale of paintings last week, some of the works being rare specimens of the art; but the prices realized were rather small. The collection belonged to T. Addison Richards. This puts us in mind of a sale we once attended. The pictures were of the "Dutch persuasion," and, from the novelty of the designs, brought extremely good prices, the bidding for two paintings in particular being unusually spirited. One of these "works of art" represented "Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden," and away off, in the back-ground, was a big, burly Dutchman shooting ducks. The competition for this "chef d'euvre," as the "blarsted" French have it, almost set the auctioneer wild with joy. The other was a painting of the finding of "Moses in the Bullrushes;" in addition to the group discovering Mose, there was another party, composed of Dutchmen, women, and children, sitting at a table drinking lager beer. We could not ascertain who were the designers of those two extraordinary paintings, but we came to the conclusion that, whoever they might have been, they were a little in advance of the "old masters."

The German tragedian, Mr. Bandmann, will, during the spring, give a series of performances at Niblo's Garden, including "Hamlet," when Madame Methua Scheller will appear with him as Ophelia. Both are favorably known in this city, especially among the German population, and both are now engaged in studying English. The appearance of Madame Methua on the English boards will greatly add to the interest of Mr. Bandmann's performances.

Miss Mary Gannon had a full house on the occasion of her benefit at Wallack's, on the 24th Feb. The "Little Treasure," and "Ernestine" were performed.

Father Reed's Old Folks, and Dr. Colton have been giving entertainments on the cheap system—10 cents for afternoon, and 15 cents for evening performances. We believe the Doctor will not inflate any pugilistic gentlemen with the laughing gas since Con Orem made such a demonstration at one of Colton's exhibitions a short time since.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oaksmith has just finished a tragedy called "Destiny." We do not know for whom it has been written.

The Bateman-Wallack-Adams combination has dissolved. It was a goodly trio of performers, who gave us some fine dramatic treats. Miss Bateman will rest from her labors for a short time. Mr. Adams went it alone at the Arch, Philadelphia, last week, and Mr. Wallack is ready to negotiate for a fresh start.

Miss Mollie Williams, a Baltimore favorite, was in town last week, having recovered from a recent severe illness. The lady being "the right-hand man" to Miss Menken in many of her pieces, was telegraphed for to return in a hurry on Saturday, to take her part in "Mazeppa," which is to be revived at the Front-street, this (Monday) evening. On or about May 1st, Mollie intends making a tour "on her own hook," appearing in such pieces as the "Wizard Skiff," "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish," "French Spy," etc.

"Ze Old Folks' Concert" at Hooley's Opera House, in Brooklyn, takes with the people to a greater degree than Grau, or Maretzek, or any of "them fellers" at the Academy. "Life on the

Flatbush Road" is one of those soul-stirring strains that elicits the most hearty "lafture." Go and hear it.

J. M. Ward, of the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, was in town last week. What does he at the North when he should be at the South?

Mr. F. Rullman, director of the musical, operatic, dramatic, nd terpsichorean agency at No. 63 East Fourteenth street, is the agent of the premiere danseuse, Mlle. Galetti. See advertisement so that effect in these columns.

A burlesque has been written by an author in this city for Miss Emily Thorne, which is said to be quite clever. The music is by John Cook, late leader at Niblo's.

J. W. Buckland, manager of the Montreal Theatre, is expected in town soon.

Mons. Bihin, the Belgian giant, has returned to this city, after a successful two weeks' engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

Marietta Ravel is engaged to appear at "The New Idea," on March 15. J. Conner is her agent.

Miss Nelly Ritchings, the American cantatrice, can be engaged through James Conner, theatrical agent. See his advertisement.

A banjo matinee was held at No. 6 Amity street, on the 28th, by Prof. Dobson. See advertisement.

Joseph Proctor's benefit, on the 27th, at the Old Bowery, was very comfortably attended,—much better than we anticipated. A similar affair at the New Bowery, with many more attractions, to boot, made things look shaky for the old place. We got there somewhat late, yet experienced not the slightest difficulty in procuring sitting accommodations—not generally the case at benefits. Three pieces were selected—"Richelieu," "Darnley, King of Scotland" and "Young America." Mr. Proctor, we thought, might have chosen almost any other character for his benefit than Richelieu, and there is no concealing the fact that his acting disappointed many of his most ardent admirers: not that they evinced any signs of disapprobation, remember—at the same time the play went off so very tame, that the audience felt relieved when the curtain dropped. The only quotation that "brought down the house," was in the scene where Richelieu, in giving his directions to Francois, (Miss Fanny Herring,) reads the beautiful sentence: "In the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail!" With this exception, it seemed hard work to raise an encore. True, Mr. Proctor was called before the curtain, and made a few remarks, but it was evident that "the gods" didn't appreciate Richelieu as given by that gentleman, and there is no denying that their opinion is worth something after all. Fanny Herring's costumes were really splendid, and her acting, the little she had to do, of the most fascinating description. J. R. Studley as Adrian de Mauprat, and G. W. Thompson as Baradas, played their parts very creditably; also, the Misses Denvil and Reignolds. Between the first and second pieces, Miss Louisa Brown, plump as a partridge, and lively as a cricket, danced a Scotch *pas*, to talk Frenchy; and Jackson Haines, the skater, gave his skating act. The after pieces were very slow, and without G. L. Fox it is next to impossible to get up a good hearty, healthy laugh. As the company is at present, we fear they will experience up-hill work of it. Were it not for Fanny Herring, business would soon become very shaky at the Old Bowery, when the head Fox is away, "vich nobody can deny."

"The Fair One With the Golden Locks" has been shorn of its uninteresting points, and the burlesque is now still more enjoyable. Mrs. Wood is now in the ninth week of her engagement. Her new song, "How Are You, Greenbacks?" knocks 'em higher than the giant.

Nothing new at Barnum's, the dwarfs and "What Is It?" being among the chief curiosities there.

One of the great sensation dramas is to occupy the New Bowery boards this week. It is Dion Boucicault's beautiful drama, entitled "Pauvrette, or Under the Snow." It is to be produced with new scenery, effects, etc., and the whole extent of the stage will be thrown open for the "avalanche of snow" scene. It will attract large audiences. "Edgeworth Bess" is sufficiently pleasing to continue before us for a short time longer.

A fat man is dead. Thomas Jefferson Shelley, well known as coach driver for the U. S. Hotel, died suddenly in this city on the 27th Feb., of "suffocation, the result of excessive adipose deposit throughout the system," according to the verdict of the coroner's inquest. He was a native of Hartford, Conn., and was thirty-nine years of age. He weighed over five hundred pounds at the time of his death. At one time he was exhibited by Barnum as a great curiosity. His remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery on the 1st inst.

Max Maretzek's Italian Opera Company, to open at the Academy on the 4th inst., comprises Madame Josephine Medari, Mad. Ortalanti Brignoli, soprano; M'lle Henrietta Sulzer, contralto; Madame Fischer, second; Sigs. Francesco Mazzoleni and Antonio Minetti, tenors; Sig. Rubio, second tenor; Sig. Fernando Bellini, baritone; Sig. Hannibal Biachi, basso; Sig. D. Coletti, basso; Sig. Muller, second basso; J. Nuno, conductor of orchestra.

At the Winter Garden, since the abdication of Mr. Edwin Booth, on account of the loss of his wife, the popular and versatile artist, Miss Mary Provost, has been the reigning star. A fortunate thing, indeed, was it for the management, that the lady was disengaged, and willing to fill the breech at a moment's notice, unheralded; for it has undoubtedly saved them from heavy losses. On the 27th, we constituted ourself one of the Provost Guard, and, on our round, stepped in to see the lady as Nell Gwynne, in the drama of that name. The house was full, but not crowded; the piece was well cast, and we enjoyed the performance better than any we have witnessed for some weeks. The character of the semi-crazed, wilful, mischievous, but kind-hearted actress, is a difficult one to portray; but, notwithstanding a hoarseness, making articulation difficult, Miss Provost did it ample justice, and pleased the people, who called the lady out at the close of the second act, and cheered her very frequently during the play. Miss Adah Clifton gave a high-toned, queen-like rendition of Francis Stewart; and Mr. L. Barret as Duke of Richmond, Davidge as Sam Pepys, and Davenport as King Charles, gave excellent renditions of their respective characters, particularly the former. A new and original drama, written expressly for Miss Provost, is to be first performed this (Monday) evening. Those who have been favored with a reading of the manuscript, speak of it in eulogy. It is entitled, "Lucie d'Arville, or a Wife's Trials."

In the black opera line, Bryants Minstrels are burlesquing "Old Fatty Reed and his Old Folks." An original song, "We're Coming, Fadder Abram," written expressly for Dan Bryant, is one of the features of this week. We hear it said that Neil Bryant has salted $10,000 in a house in the upper part of the city. What Italian opera manager has done this much? Neil, my boy, "sound your A!"

Still another death in the profession. On Tuesday, Feb. 24th, Miss Emma Taylor died rather suddenly in this city, of what seemed to be a paralytic stroke. Miss Emma Taylor was a sister to the celebrated Mary Taylor (Mrs. Ewen, now retired from the stage,) and was well known in this city and Philadelphia, in which latter city, at the Arch, we believe it was, she became quite a favorite. She performed the part of Anne Chester, in the "Colleen Bawn," at Niblo's, some time ago, and afterwards joined Laura Keene's company, playing the Prince, in "Blondette." We believe she last performed with Laura Keene's travelling company, in New Haven, on the 20th and 21st inst. An accident, or something of that kind, is said to have caused a shock to her system, which resulted in her death. The funeral, which took place on the 26th, was attended by a large number of the profession. The remains were placed in a vault attached to St. Mark's church, corner of Second avenue and Tenth street.

Tripesmiraculum! Barnum's Fat Lady and the Belgian gentleman of leviathan proportions eclipsed by the Dancing Monster of the East. You ought to behold it; a huge "thing of life," seen at the New Bowery theatre every evening, dancing upon three legs. In the words of the poet, "it's great, it's much," and we may, in a prefix, add, "and more too." This non-descript is under the care of Tony Denier, the pantomime clown of the New Bowery.

Speaking of the New Bowery, reminds us that Tony Denier enjoyed his first "perquisite," or benefit, at this house, on the 27th ult., on which occasion a numerous body of his friends and admirers, through Mr. Geo. Boniface—who delivered a very fine speech—presented him with a medal, a silver medal, too! Only think, a real, genuine, bona fide—no make-believe-silver—medal, and in such times as these are! We suggest that presentations of this kind be done in the green room until more "auspicious times," as the ceremonies but inflict torture upon the audiences witnessing them, reminding them of the days when they scorned the use of pennies. Give up the practice, gentlemen; it is becoming dangerous, and if any more such silvery presentations take place, we expect to hear of a "street outrage" committed upon the happy receivers unless escorted homewards by a phalanx of well-drilled "supes." Toney, confessing himself a non-speech-maker, returned his thanks for the prize in pantomime talk, which was greeted with great applause.

Those wonderful performing elephants at the Broadway Menagerie, No. 600 Broadway, in connection with the trained ponies, monkies, and mules, are very attractive, particularly to children. Papas and mamas should not fail to take their "little treasures."

DRAMAIC.

The Howard Athenæum, Boston, has again fallen into the hands of the enterprising Mr. Henry Willard, and will be opened by that gentleman on or about the 11th of May. Mr. Wyzeman Marshall's term expiring on May 4, quite a lively competition has been going on as to his successor, but Mr. Willard's indomitable perseverance enabled him to secure the lease. Mr. Willard had possession of the Athenæum some two years ago, and by his industry, ingenuity, tact, and enterprise, commanded universal respect, and met with the heartiest encouragement. That his success will be as great for the future as in the past, we have not the slightest doubt. As will be seen by Mr. W.'s card in another column, he desires to secure engagements with stars, and those interested will please "make a note on it," as Captain Cuttle would say.

The "Toodles" had been performed during thirty nights of the season, at the New Memphis Theatre, Tenn., and was up again on the 7th ult. Maginley's Mr. Toodles and Mrs. Tannehill's Mrs. Toodles, are said to be capital representations of character. Jack Sheppard was the opening piece on the same evening. Mrs. Frank Graham, actress and danseuse, as the (pretty) housebreaker, Maginley as Blueskin and Tannehill as Jonathan Wild.

On the 14th ult. Richard the Third was put on at the New Memphis Theatre, with F. A. Tannehill as Richmond, and the dark-eyed, interesting-looking Mrs. Tannehill as the Prince of Wales, where the lady has an opportunity to exhibit her fine proportions to every advantage. On the 16th, at the request of many ladies, "The Jewess" was produced. Mrs. Frank Graham as Rachel Mendavel, the Jewess. "Children in arms not admitted!" That's hard on young married folks.

The Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., has not yet opened, and sombre silence rests o'er the scene, and scenes too. What makes matters look still more blank is, that it is not known at present when it will open; at least, so says "Kiro." Part of the company went to Columbus, where "biz." was found to be good.

At the St. Louis Theatre, Miss Charlotte Thompson is twinkling as a star of the first magnitude. On the 24th, Geo. Marlow's drama, entitled "Alice, the Disowned," was given, Miss Charlotte as Alice. A new thrilling sensational drama, in five acts, called "Edith and Zeldia," is in active preparation, and is soon to be produced. It is of the spectacular order, we are informed.

A party of Thespians recently got "snowed in" at Howland Flat, Sierra county, California, and had to pitch their tent for the winter. The company consists of Messrs. C. B. Lovell, A. Parks, S. Overlin, J. Samelson, Sig. Layaro, C. D. Nichols, and Mesdames Minnie and Caroline Chapman. This howl and flat place has a population of "five hundred," and our theatrical friends play three nights each week, to "overflowing houses."

Miss Lucille Western's version of "East Lynne" was presented at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 25th, to a crowded house, many of the seats having been secured for some days in advance. Miss Western appeared as Lady Isabel; Mr. McCullough as Mr. Carlisle; Mr. Lanergan as Sir Francis Levison; Mrs. George Jordan as Barbara Hare; Miss Mary Wells as Miss Corny Carlisle; and the other characters were distributed among the "full strength of the company." Miss Western had a cordial welcome, and was called out several times during the evening. In some parts of the drama, Miss Western is remarkably natural in her representation of Lady Isabel, and the closing scene of her version of the play is superior to that of Miss Matilda Heron's. The parting scene between Sir Francis and Lady Isabel is not equal to the same scene in Miss Heron's play; but, altogether, the novel is more closely followed in Miss W.'s adaptation than in Miss Heron's. Some portions of it are a little tedious, but taken as a whole, it is a play well calculated to please, and enchain the attention of an audience. Mrs. George Jordan was not at home in the part of Barbara Hare, and she failed to create a favorable impression; she is entirely too spare for low-neck dresses, and her appearance in such attire operated to her disadvantage. Her singing of the beautiful ballad, "Then You'll Remember Me," after Miss Western had given it so effectively, was very bad. Miss Western accompanied herself on the guitar while singing, whereas Mrs. Jordan took up the guitar, but did not perform on it, neither was there any accompaniment by the orchestra. Miss Mary Wells created a good deal of merriment by her quaint manners as Miss Corny; Mr. McCullough was an acceptable Sir Archibald, and Collier performed the part of Richard Hare with much feeling. Mr. Lanergan's Sir Francis was not equal to that gentleman's abilities. The drama proved a success, and will no doubt draw well whenever performed. Miss Western performed four nights at the Holliday, Baltimore, last week.

The Hernandez Ravel troupe closed a three weeks' engagement at the Academy, Providence, R. I., on Feb. 21. Last week they performed in New Haven.

Complimentaries had been all the go in San Francisco. Mrs. Stark had an excellent one on the 28th of January.

During the recent visit of Miss Laura Keene and company to New Haven, Miss K. had the misfortune to lose a traveling bag containing some wardrobe and a manuscript play. Now, who's got the bag, and what has become of the manuscript?

California is not a very safe place to visit just now; that is, for show people. Preachers are said to be doing well there, and making a good living. A correspondent says that if we know of any heavy men in that line, it might be well to send them out there, for some of the theatres will be to-let, and they can do a snug business in them.

Colorado Territory was, at last accounts, more than supplied with actors; that is, the country will not support more than one company the year round; so says our correspondent "Corinthian Tom, Jr." He says:—"In winter, the business is good in Denver, but in the summer, the actors take unto themselves wings, and fly to the mountains, and in the gulches and diggings, seek the miner and his gold; by force of circumstances turning themselves into strollers. We are in the midst of a good theatrical season. Messrs. Langrishe & Dougherty, of the Denver Theatre, have thus far been most successful; they have given us, besides the regular run of plays, the "Sea of Ice," "Jessie Brown," "Colleen Bawn," and the "Octoroon," all of which have been brought out with a good deal of taste and fine scenery, rather more attention being paid to the latter than to the words of the author. Langrishe says that Harry Gossin is coming out here to join his company. He is needed. If L. and D. would get a new juvenile man, it would greatly enhance the value of the company. The National Theatre is closed. [This is the best company that was ever got together in the West; better than companies that I have seen in some of the large Western cities; consisting as it did of Mads. Maria Irwin (*nee* Rainforth), Florence Bell, Carrie Lynne, M'lles. Marietta and Evelynn; Messrs. S. M. Irwin, H. B. Noumann, Thos. Tyrrell, Chas. Irving, Geo. Pardy, A. C. Gooding, J. C. Whitall, Harry Collins, J. Jack, Warren, Alexander, &c.] The manager, Mr. G. W. Harrison, did not keep his engagements with his people, making contracts with them for a year, then wanting them to play for half salaries (for no particular reasons visible, for the house was paying expenses at least); because they would not consent to this, he closed. The theatre was then opened for the short season of two weeks, by Lyon and Benson, and then closed for lack of support, thus proving again the utter folly and uselessness of people who are unacquainted with the business of managing theatres, to attempt the thing."

Mrs. Maria Irwin, formerly of the National Theatre, Denver City, has been meeting with success in Colorado, with her Parlor Entertainments (assisted by her husband, S. M. Irwin), playing to good houses three times a week, giving Scotch, Irish, Dutch, French, English, and Yankee songs and dances; scenes from Shakespeare, and playing two-people farces. Next to Agnes Robertson, she is said to be one of the best dialect actresses on the American stage.

The question has repeatedly been asked—"What has become of the great Yankee comedian, John P. Addams?" But until now the question has not been answered, many persons supposing that he was dead. We now learn, however, that Manager J. C. Myers, of the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., lately received a letter from his old friend, Yankee Addams, written at Apsley, Australia, Nov. 5, 1862, where he is playing. Should any of Mr. Addams relatives or friends wish to hear further concerning his movements, etc., they can gain every information by addressing Mr. J. C. Myers. Addams was alive and well at last accounts, and it is probable that he will return home during the year.

The New Tremont, Boston, is now in the full tide of successful experiment. The "Ravel Combination" will shortly close their engagement, and they will be followed by a first-class vaudeville company.

Business at the Howard, Boston, with Maggie Mitchell, has been tolerably good—not so good as her last engagement, however. The people are becoming weary of "Fanchon."

A benefit to the invalid actor, C. J. Boniface, took place at the National Theatre, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th. The house was well filled by the friends of "Poor Charley," so long a favorite at this theatre. The following address, written by Wm. W. Pratt, of the New Tremont, was spoken on the occasion by the daughter of the beneficiarie, Miss Marie Boniface:—

Kind, generous friends—you who have assembled here—
Proving your friendship to one, to me most dear—
From the silent chamber may his well-known voice be heard,
Bearing you his thanks, in plain but truthful words;
That voice—which here nightly at your call
Expressed the wish, desired to please you all—
Through me now speaks, and from his heart sincere,
Thanks you for this kind remembrance here.
The actor, in his hours of health and joy,
Finds friends in all—all "love the boy;"
But when adversity comes—dark hours draw nigh—
The sky o'ercast—false friends then fly.
Not so the public—let his wants be known,
Bostonians will rally to support their own;
This night's a proof—around me I behold
True, constant friends, more precious far than gold.
All such I now address—but words cannot convey
The anguish of our hearts in this most trying day.
Could reason but return to him through fate's decree,
His heart would speak—but mine must silent be.
Again I thank you, for mother, brothers, sisters dear,
And for him, for whom now flows the silent tear.
May sad affliction ne'er visit those whose faces fair and bright
Have shed such happy gleams of joy o'er many hearts to-night.

Adah Isaacs Menken continues to carry things by storm at the Front Street, Baltimore, where crowded, jammed houses greet her almost nightly. One of our correspondents, "F. B.", who has taken a run from Boston to the Monumental City, thus makes honorable mention of ye lovely Adah: "What shall we say of this eccentric child of genius? That she is the handsomest woman on the American stage, 'Baltimore' says *yes*, emphatically, and is ready to fight on its opinion, if necessary; but I presume 'Baltimore' won't have a chance at present, as we know of no one who disputes it. To say that she possesses genius of a very high order, is not enough, and doesn't express it at all. Her impersonation is not so much *acting* as it is *nature* itself. We cannot call it all art, for her voice, her manner, her subtle, intuitive perception and renderings, cannot be compassed or embodied in art. Some fall back on genius, and are equally at a loss to define her. But one thing never was more certain than another, than is this—*Adah Menken has mistaken her calling.* She is capable of reaching far above and beyond anything she has yet attained. Being possessed of almost unequalled personal charms, she has been content to make capital of them, and has not striven to develop the fruitful genius she possesses for the higher orders of comedy and the drama. Her *repertoire* may be made to contain almost anything in the list, and yet her present pieces are all well enough in their way; but they won't *wear* like those calculated to display the high histrionic powers she possesses."

We have before us a programme of the performances given at Mrs. Jane English's New Tremont, Boston. It opens with Mons. Chariski on the wire; song by Albert Braham; gymnastic acts, by Alex. Zanfretta, Sig. Arzetti, and Paul Donetti; song, M. Zanoni; Spanish dance, Marietta Ravel; ballad, James Dunn; Sailor's hornpipe, E. Velarde: Scotch song, Miss Agnes Sutherland; comic dance, Orinski children; tight rope, Alex. Zanfretta and Marietta Ravel; buffo duett, M. Zanoni and M'lle. Picolo; groupings, Paul Donetti and Young America; National song, J. Dunn; and closing the first part with a song by Miss Sutherland. The entertainment terminates with a pantomime. It is a light and agreeable bill, and the character of the performances is said to be much above ordinary exhibitions of that kind. The New Tremont is a gem of a place, and good houses, thus far, have rewarded the manageress, who is no novice in the art of catering for the people in the amusement line.

In consequence of the death of his brother's wife, Mr. J. Wilkes Booth deferred his performances at the Arch, Philadelphia, Mr. Edwin Adams appearing during the four last nights of the week.

Owing to the great storm which prevailed on Sunday, Feb. 22d, many letters which should have reached us on the 23d, did not come to hand until after our paper had gone to press. This will account to correspondents for the non-appearance of their favors. However, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," for the non-receipt of many letters enabled us to oblige our advertising patrons, the CLIPPER of last week containing no less than six columns of *bona fide* amusement advertisements.

The ruins of the Adelphi Theatre, Troy, N. Y., are to pass into the hands of the mason and carpenter on the 1st of March.

A correspondent in St. John, N. B., asks the very pertinent question, wont some one open the theatre there? He thinks there is a good opening. It has been closed since last fall, but Mr. Lanergan will possibly open it in June with a company from the States.

The Webb sisters are at Nassau, N. P.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is to produce "Fanchon" at Brooklyn this month, we believe.

Yankee Robinson is at the National, Cincinnati, where he is quite popular.

Miss Kate Reignolds, after one hundred and fifty successive performances in Boston, takes a much needed respite for a brief season.

"Ida Lee," played for four nights week before last at Wood's, Cincinnati, is spoken of as one of the most pleasing of modern dramas.

Mrs. Cecile Rush and Mr. Chaplin, appeared in the leading characters in a new comedy entitled "Susette" on the 23d ult. at Wood's, Cincinnati.

Business at the various places of amusement at Washington, D. C., has been moderately good during the past week, notwithstanding the inclement weather. "Peep" says:—At Grover's, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have nightly drawn full houses. It being the fifth and last week of their engagement, every body appeared anxious to enjoy a parting evening with them. On Tuesday, 24th ult., about 7½ P. M., a tall, slim figure, dressed in black (not the ghost of Twenty-seventh street), was seen passing into the stage entrance, and in a few moments in a private box loomed up the figure of "Old Abe." He was accompanied by one or two Senators, but was so curtained in as to be seen but by few of the audience. The performance consisted of the beautiful spectacular drama of the "Lakes of Killarney," and laughable farce of the "Irish Tiger." Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams appeared in excellent spirits, and more than usually filled with humor. The President appeared to enjoy the entertainment beyond measure, not only giving his hearty approval by loud laughter, but warm applause. The party remained during the entire performance, and at the conclusion, personally complimented Barney and Mrs. Williams for the treat they had rendered. On the 27th ult., Mr. and Mrs. Williams were the recipients of a complimentary benefit, tendered by Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, almost the entire Senate and House of Representatives, Generals Heintzleman, T. F. Meagher, Martindale, Fremont, and upwards of one hundred others. The house was a perfect jam, and the audience the most fashionable ever gathered at this theatre. The performance went off with entire satisfaction, and the beneficiaries received most unbounded ovations of applause and boquets. Their engagement closes this evening, having proved the greatest ever performed in this city.

Mr. J. S. Clarke gave "Toodles" on the 26th ult. at the Washington Theatre, but, owing to the weather and very bad walking, the house was slim. Since then he has appeared in several of his popular characters, but business has not been brisk. On the 28th, "She Stoops to Conquer," was produced, with Clarke as Tony Lumpkin, and Alice Gray as Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Clarke appears nightly in three pieces.

A bill has been filed in the U. S. District Court of Baltimore, under the national copy-right law, by H. Stockbridge, counsel for Miss Lucille Western, against George Kunkel, Sam Ryan, and Kate Denin Ryan, for an injunction restraining the defendants from performing the play of "East Lynne," dramatized by C. W. Tayleure, and purchased by complainant, and also for damages. The case is set down for a hearing on Wednesday, March 4.

J. C. Myers' dramatic company intend teaching the people of Springfield, Mass., "How to make Home Happy," on March 3d. From thence they go to New Haven and Hartford, Ct. Miss Emily Thorne is no thorn in the side of the people, for she gives pleasure instead of pain to her hearers. Charley Wilkinson is to be the rose to this thorn until the end of her engagement.

Mr. C. T. Bertram, of Susquehanna, with a small company, gave an entertainment at Brigham Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., on Feb. 27, consisting of *Poses Plastiques*, singing, and dramatic performances. Douglass, or the Lost Heir, "each character appropriately costumed," was part first; recitation, statuary, and song, part second; and Box and Cox, Married and Settled, part third, Mr. Bertram does the Grecian Statues. The other artists are the Misses. Jennie Brigham (young and talented) Anna Stockwell and Van Guysing; and Messrs. Henry Kilmer, Henry A. Fink, Chas. E. Vosburg, J. R. Ronk, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have brought their long and successful engagement at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., to a close. They gave their last performance there on the 28th Feb., and this evening, March 2d, they enter upon an engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

Barnum's show shop in Boston was a little too much for the Athenians, and they let it alone. The lecture room moral dodge failed to combine the first and last families of Boston, and the showman was forced to give it up. There is only one New York, and we are so accustomed to humbugs of all sorts here, that we naturally take to Barnum's "pious performances."

The "Sea of Ice" flowed in at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, last week; but the people did not flow in with it, very lively.

Last week, two stars alternated at the Holliday, Baltimore, viz: Mr. Hackett on the 25th and 28th, and Miss Lucille Western on the other evenings. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are there this week.

The wife of Edwin Booth, whose decease we recorded in our last, died in Dorchester, Mass., and not in Philadelphia. She was well-known as Mary Devlin. She was a native of Troy, and, it is said, appeared on the stage when she was but 15 years old. She retired from the stage about one year before her marriage to Mr. Booth. It was not thought that she was so dangerously ill until towards the last. She failed suddenly, and died as if she were going into a sleep. Her age was 22 years, nine months and four days. A letter from Boston gives some details of the funeral, etc. It says:—"Mr. Booth left New York for this place in company with his devoted friend, the poet Stoddard, on Saturday morning, 21st Feb., at eight o'clock, in the hope of finding Mrs. Booth no worse than the telegraphic dispatches had led them to expect; she died, however, at a quarter past eight the same morning, fifteen minutes after they had left. Not until he was seated in the coach provided to carry him to Boston, did Mr. Booth learn of the terrible blow that had fallen upon him, and let me add, unexpected as it was, that he bore it like a man, with silent fortitude and courage. Pains were taken to avoid publicity in the funeral ceremonies, only the relatives and the few friends whom Mr. Booth desired, being present. She was buried on Tuesday, three carriages leaving Dorchester with the hearse, and three more from Boston, the whole meeting at Mount Auburn at about 1 o'clock. Mrs. Booth, Edwin's mother, arrived from Philadelphia on Monday forenoon; and later in the day, his brother, J. Wilkes Booth, and his brother-in-law, Clark, the comedian. These, with several close friends, who had been with Mrs. Booth during her illness, made up the Dorchester portion. Mrs. S. G. Howe and one of her daughters, Dr. Parsons, the poet, and his wife, and a few others, represented Boston. The only 'professional' person present, was Warren, the comedian. The services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, an Episcopal clergyman, in the chapel of Mount Auburn, after which the body was deposited in the receiving tomb."

J. Wilkes Booth will open at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 2d of March. He was to have appeared there last week, but owing to the decease of his brother's wife, his appearance was deferred.

Adah Isaacs Menken continues to meet with her usual success in Baltimore, where she is playing under Manager Kunkel's management at the Front-street. We understand that she will revive her great piece of "Mazeppa" this week. This is one of her most extraordinary performances, and as she has Mr. and Mrs. Williams to work against this week, it may be necessary to reproduce her trump cards. In "Mazeppa," it will be remembered, Miss Menken does the riding business in person; she has no one to ride for her, as most "Mazeppa's" have, but performs the entire *role* of "Mazeppa," unassisted in the fearful riding business. During her former engagement in Baltimore, Miss Menken ran "Mazeppa" for several weeks, and closed her performances while she was still crowding the theatre.

It is thought that Mr. Wood will be able to open his new theatre in Louisville some time during the present month.

The theatre at Dayton, Ohio, keeps on with a fair share of business. On the 23d Feb., there was some little trouble on account of the non-appearance of the low comedian, Mr. Frank Frayne, who was to fill the place of Mr. Burt, he and his wife having left. The principal attraction now, is Miss Mary Howard. Mrs. H. A. Weaver made her re-appearance last week, being the first for a number of years. On the 24th, a benefit to the Soldiers' Aid Society was given, on which occasion "Fanchon" was again performed. Mrs. Fiske's benefit took place on the 25th.

Mr. Adams did moderately well the few nights he appeared at the Arch, Philadelphia, last week. On the 26th, despite the inclement weather, the theatre was about three-fourths full. He took a benefit on the 27th, and closed on the 28th.

The engagement of Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann, the German tragedian, at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, will commence in about three weeks; he will open in Shylock, and afterwards appear in the new tragedy, "Narciss," written expressly for him.

The Clevelanders are waiting the return of Mr. Ellsler and his company, but we believe this will not be until the beginning of April. The company will be well received on their return from Columbus.

McDonough has been playing his great spectacle of the "Seven Sisters" to splendid business, at the Pittsburgh Theatre. It is pronounced the greatest success of that theatre under the present management.

Miss Matilda Heron is doing well at the Museum, Boston. On the 24th, she appeared as Camille; and this was followed on the 26th, by Medea. This week she produces her latest sensation—"Edith."

Mr. Eddy and Miss Kate Denin continued their engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, last week. The business has not proved as profitable as had been anticipated. Bad weather operated against them last week, again. Mr. Eddy has been re-engaged for six nights more, the bills inform us.

Benefits were the order at the new Eureka Theatre, San Francisco, at last accounts.

Mr. Forrest met with another success in his rendition of "Hamlet", last week, at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia. This week he appears as Lucien Junius Brutus, in the tragedy of "Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin." It is to be produced with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. Mr. Forrest's dramatic powers continue as fresh as ever, and his popularity is undiminished.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport are giving readings in the "New England States."

McKean Buchanan is represented as doing fairly at Sacramento, with reduced prices of admission; the theatre was well attended at each performance.

The spectacle of the "Enchantress" had been brought out at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, with Mrs. Perry as Stella, and Mr. Leach as Ramio. Mrs. Hayne was performing here too. The Bianchi Opera Troupe, who had been off to Marysville for a week, were to open at the Metropolitan the first week in February. This troupe must be pretty well sung out by this time.

At the National, Boston, the "Peep o' Day" was produced on the 26th Feb. They vary the performances here with negro minstrelsy.

A good dramatic company might do well for a couple of weeks in Norwich, Conn. So says a correspondent at that place.

Laura Keene's company succeed Mr. and Mrs. Williams at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., this week.

Anschutz begins his second season in Philadelphia, on the 4th inst.

Following in the wake of the Belgian Giant, at the National, Cincinnati, came Yankee Robinson, and on the first two evenings, according to our correspondent, "Stanwood," he drew the largest houses of the season. How it has been since, we have not learned.

At the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, they are giving a variety of plays. On the 21st Feb., "Fazio" was given; Fazio, Mr. S. E. Browne; Bianca, Miss Mary Mitchell; Aldabella, Mrs. F. Drew; Bartolo, H. W. Gossin. During the past week, Rob Roy was presented. It was well put on the stage, and well played; and the audience appeared much pleased with it. Mrs. F. Williams is soon to re-appear.

Mr. Fred. Hunt, of the Cincinnati press, is at present engaged on a dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "No Name." It is to be produced at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

The "substitute game" was played for the third time, on the 26th, by Grau, at the Boston Academy. First disappointment, of course, was Brignoli; second, M'lle Morensi; and third, Miss Kellogg; all suffering from hoarseness. Our correspondent, "Boston," says—"This sort of thing don't work well, however, at least when it is not known till the hour of opening. On the 26th, La Traviata was substituted for the Child of the Regiment. It was raining hard, and that, combined with the change, made rather a poor house."

Mr. Mordaunt, late of the Pittsburgh Theatre, has been engaged by J. C. Myers, for his company at the Academy, Providence, R. I. He passed through New York on the 27th, on his way to Providence.

Mrs. F. Graham's benefit at the New Memphis theatre, on the 13th ult., called out as large an audience as ever assembled there. After the curtain fell on the first piece, Mr. Maginley stepped forward and presented Mrs. Graham with a purse containing $150, and a fine gold watch and chain; the latter, probably, as a hint that the Memphisians intend to keep her in their city. On the 14th, Mr. Kames appeared as Richard III.

The "Variety Theatre" is now in operation in Syracuse, N. Y., under the management of Geo. F. McDonald. It is devoted to song, dance, farce, and a little of everything. The Schultze Sisters are there. The prices range from 15 up to 50 cents.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Sam Sharpley's Iron Clads "still go marching on" without obstruction. They finished their course with joy at the Music Hall, Toronto, Canada, on the 28th Feb., and were to open in Lockport, N. Y., Monday and Tuesday; Erie, Pa., Wednesday and Thursday; and then appear in Cleveland four nights. During their sojourn in Canada they took in so much specie that somebody suggested the very appropriate name of Silver Clads. There is considerable secesh sentiment at Toronto, and Samivel's Union sentiments were not appreciated much by the press, although everything else met with their hearty approval, particularly the witticisms of Sharpley and Cool Burgess, pronounced "inimitable." Now, some bands would play to the prejudices of the people, but here we find one of the very best organizations ever collected to together, never missing a chance to "pop in a little 'un" for Little Mac. and our brave boys of the Union army. "Such conduct as those," *vide* Billy O'Neil, is deserving of "honorable mention," if it does not carry off the prize.

Managers of minstrel organizations have rights as well as other people, though some performers appear to have quite a different opinion. There appeared in the advertising department of last week's CLIPPER, and it is repeated in this issue, a card from the manager of Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels, which had reference to the breaking of an engagement by one of the former members of that well-known band. Now, it is time that the public should take some cognizance of violations of agreement between manager and man. When managers do not act up to the very letter of the compact existing between them and their employees, the latter are sure to make a public outcry, and gain for themselves that sympathy which is always sure to be manifested towards the wronged and the oppressed; but some employees entirely ignore the fact that such compact is for the benefit of the manager as well as for themselves. We know of many instances where performers have signed contracts to perform for a certain length of time, at a stated salary, payable weekly; and we have known those same parties to break their engagements within a few weeks, and accept employment with other managers, the inducement being a few dollars higher salary per week. What confidence can *any* manager have in such people? If they break their engagement once, they will do it again; and neither their word nor bond is worth a copper. Who can trust them? They *may* remain for a time, but as they are likely to bite at the first bait thrown to them, they can never be depended upon. They think nothing of running a manager into expense in billing them, and advertising them; they care nothing for the disappointments they cause to the public, nor for the mortification their conduct entails upon the manager, who has to bear the undeserved censure of the people. The few extra dollars they are bought with, is an all-sufficient reason, in their opinion, for breaking their engagement, to injure managers, and humbug the public. Managers have the remedy in their own hands, if they will but exercise it; and that remedy is, to refuse to engage or have anything to do with a performer who breaks his engagement without proper cause. In the particular case in point, we know that Messrs. Duprez & Green are honest and energetic business men, kind and indulgent to those in their employ, and the last men in their business to complain without cause.

The Trojans, for several weeks past, have had a perfect flood of minstrelsy. Sam Sharpley, Duprez & Green Buckleys, George Christy, and Rumsey, have been among them and, as a general thing, were greeted with crowded houses. Troy must be a perfect gold mine, or rather shinplaster mine, as well as a Mecca to the nebulous "profesch."

Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, of Boston, so we are informed by their gentlemanly treasurer, Louis A. Zwisler, and who should know if he dont't, have found the veritable horn of plenty in "The Magic Horn." Who says, "in a horn?" None of your "lip", young man; you'd better cork up before you get your horn damaged. "Horns round," and drink to the continued success of "The Magic Horn."

Two small, but brilliant stars, have recently been discovered in the African horizon, named little Tommy and Willie, three and four years of age respectively. They are said to be great little ones in all that pertains to the Ethiopian profession. Those seeking attractions should apply at once to Mr. John Jerome, as directed in his advertisement elsewhere.

An epistle from the Corinthians informs us that G. P. Madden, recently asked for through the CLIPPER, is at Corinth (Miss.) Music Hall, with a company, of which he is stage manager, playing to "big biz." Bywater and Scott are the managers; Jim Scott, treasurer; Geo. Madden, bones; Dick Collins, tamborine; Bub Shad, violinist; Hugh Morton, interlocutor and balladist; Charley Neal, general business; Geo Blein, second violin; Porter, violoncello; Straighter, cornet; and Madden's mad—no, trained dog Sancho. Geo P. would have sent a programme, but they have no type sticker there. Poor fellows.

Sam Sharpley, with his fleet of monitors, storm Erie, Pa., on the 4th and 5th, and then rendezvous at Cleveland, O.

A good negro singer and dancer is wanted by Messrs. Dulany and Stewart, to go to Norfolk, Va. See their advertisement.

Duprez & Green's Opera Troupe and Brass Band, in conjunction with the smallest of the small men, Com. Foote and Col. Small, have been doing an immense business at Montreal, C. E., where gold and silver is plenty. The managers have been fortunate in striking Montreal at a time when no other amusement is being offered, and it rejoices us to learn of their success. They stay there all this week. Messrs. Duprez & Green want a first-class end man. A first-rate chance for a good man. Don't fail to note their instructions in their advertisement herein.

Messrs. Hart & Simmons, with their talented troupe of Ethiopian delineators, etc., are and have been doing an immense business in Ohio and Pennsylvania, so we are informed by their reliable business agent, Col. T. Allstone Brown. On the 20th and 21st ult., they were at Jamestown, at Meadville on the 22d, 23d, and 24th, and at Warren, the birthplace of Lew

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months.$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four.....10 50
Subscription, per annum.$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

THE BUTT OF THE CABIN—CANDIDATES FOR CHAIRMEN—HODSON VERSUS MUIR, ET AL—PHYSIOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVALS—STUMPING THE CABIN—DODSON AND BAXTER CANVAS FOR VOTES—BAXTER AMONG THE HATCHES—HE DON'T SEE THE POINT—TRIUMPHANT ELECTION OF MUIR—A FREE AND EASY—BAXTER AGAIN PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT—GETTING MUIR ON A STRING—PROGRAMME OF AMUSEMENTS—PRACTICING FOR THE RACES.

In every crowd there's sure to be a butt of some kind—nor does it take a great while to fix upon who that butt shall be. Our very first meeting fetched one out in the person of Mr. Muir, who presided over the central table, where sat the Kentuckian and his young English wife, Capt. Hinckley, Maughm, three or four young ladies, the fussy old Oatmeal Porridge, and one or two others, as before mentioned. At noon there was a bit of a discussion between young Kentucky (whom I see nearly every day in this city) and Muir, about the conduct of the war, and in the evening it was renewed with great vigor on both sides.

The preliminaries of our meeting were balloting for a chairman, to which office there were two candidates—Hodson and Muir. Hodson was a great, burly fellow, from Illinois, who takes a trip over the pond about once a year, to sell his crops and see the sights. In his dress and general appearance he looked careless and lazy, but, when roused up, he was a regular gyastecutus. You may have noticed old fellows, rich as blazes, who never wear either necktie or collar, who seem totally unconcerned about what's going on around them, except when any body talks about something they happen to be concerned in—Hodson, in a measure, was of this species. In height nearly six feet, with a head on him big enough for De Voe's big ox, stern visage, something of the Hercules style, according to busts of that gentleman in the British Museum, Hodson proved a good candidate to run against Muir for the Speakership, and was nominated by those of opposite views.

Muir—it makes me laugh to think of the poor old gentleman—was a wiry, thin-faced, iron-gray sort of genius—a bald-headed, square-jawed, mutton-chop whiskered business man, possessed of more learning than four dozen of his constituents bunched together. When in repose, his appearance and dress would enable him to pass muster as a New Yorker among the most inquisitive of people—just the sort of person for a Wall street "bull" or "bear." As I said before, he was an enthusiast; a fanatic, in fact, with opinions so persistently adhered to and vehemently expressed, that even those inclined to side with him felt shy of coming to the rescue when the other party, who were the most numerous, made their assaults too strong. Muir was ambitious for the office—Hodson only ran for fun.

The hustings were conducted differently from most primary or State elections. Dobson, the Pennsylvania Dutchman and victim of the cow-milker, in his nasal twang, slow and long-drawn out, mounted the rostrum and sung out—"All in favor of Mr. Muir, say, I!" answered by a "Hi" (from the furriners) that fairly shook the boat. "Muir's elected!" shouted Dodson. "'Old 'ard a bit, Hi got a few words to speak hif it please the court," said a pot-bellied, sarcastic sort of cuss named Baxter, in a tone of voice between a squeak and a shriek. "Hi propose Mr. 'Odson as a hopposition candidate! Hall in favor of 'Odson, say, Hi!" "Mr. 'Odson, Rodson, Hedson, Hi!" and a dozen other shouts went up, creating the highest kind of fun out of Baxter's peculiar pronunciation. Baxter's conceit wouldn't admit of seeing the rig on him, but rising with all the dignity of a night-scavenger, placed his left hand on his abdomen, his right extended as if proffering it to some imaginary person just above his head, and bowed his acknowledgment. Dodson again jumped to his feet and pleaded so earnestly for Muir, that our side finally won the day, and Muir was duly installed chairman. To note the seriousness with which he took the hand-shakings and congratulations of his friends, added richly to the whole affair. While everybody else was fooling the poor fellow, he took it all as complimentary.

When Mr. Muir recovered from the inauguration ceremony and had taken his seat, he at once went to work to kick up a little fun. Rising with dignity and putting on his blandest smile, like a second Fernando Wood, he asked, "Will Miss W. kindly oblige with a song?" Miss W. couldn't see it—she didn't say, but "held her hush" and blushed like a tube-rose—that was equivalent to backing out. "Then perhaps the lady on my right will try one," argued the indomitable Iron-Grey. "Ah, I thought so; order, gents, if you please, for Miss B.'s song." The lady alluded to was Little Mac's sister-in-law, a Welch lassie, and a very sociable creature indeed. After a little persuasion from her brother, she started "Annie Laurie," and sang it sweeter than I have ever heard it, either before or since. Why, some of those puffed up to be nightingales, black swans, thrushes, and prairie hens, are not fit to hold a candle to this dark-eyed brunette. That's so, whatever the clam-orous critics may say to the contrary. She was good; and as I don't know her from Eve, where she is, or even her name, you can't accuse me of playing my points. As in social parties, when once started, everything went along swimmingly. Mac sang, Dodson sang, and Baxter sang, the last-named giving Tom Moore's Canadian Boat Song; but if Tom Moore had heard him, he'd certainly disown the piece. Baxter Street sung it in about two notes minor, without giving the least heed to the "Change off, old fat belly! Rise it, Riley!" and other affectionate terms that "us boys" made use of in different sections of the room. Then the chairman sang some old-fashioned tune, with no music in it at all, but rolling up the whites of his eyes and going through kadidoes enough to give a fellow the horrors. So much for the musical part.

Muir's singing started the fun, for somebody who had evidently found out our chairman's weak points the moment he had finished, stated that General McClellan had been defeated, his army thoroughly routed, and were flying back towards Washington, with Jeff Davis, "who brought these hard times upon me," in hot pursuit. "It's a lie!" shouted the infuriated Muir. "The traitors can never enter Washington, n-e-v-e-r!" He then went on gesticulating and shouting defiance to all enemies of McClellan until completely exhausted, when he wept like a child. Getting alarmed lest the man would go mad, they didn't plague him any more that night, but paired off in little parties to wind up the evening at card-playing and drinking whisky. The married folks then went together to roost, the single ones dividing off to their respective bunks, cursing their hard fate. It didn't make no difference to me, though—oh, no! not at all. This is what transpired in our cabin.

At the first cabin meeting, which I didn't attend personally, they resolved upon the following programme of amusements for the next day, wind and weather permitting, "and all that sort of thing," as Frank Chanfrau would say.

GREAT EASTERN AMUSEMENTS.

1. Steward's Plate, once round the ship.
2. Juvenile Stakes, for boys under 9.
3. Sack Race, 100 yards.
4. Great Eastern Derby.
5. Female Race, half the ship's length.
6. Hurdle Race.
7. Hop, Skip, and Jump.
8. High Leap—three trials.
9. Running Long Leap—three trials.
10. Female Blondin.
11. Race Backwards.
12. Hop on right leg.
13. Colt's Race, for boys between 9 and 15.
14. All Fours Race.

For every race or feat there were prizes varying from five dollars to five shillings, subscribed for by first cabin passengers, making quite a nice little sum when put together. Some of our folks had heard of their intentions, and practiced accordingly; two in particular, Cockney swells, (whom I met only the other day in Nassau street) went to running after most of us had turned in. One of them very much resembled my friend, Charley Westhall, (the greatest walker ever England produced) and could do a bit of heel and toe work very tidy; the other was one of those demmed foine sort of gutter snipes, with his hair split down in the middle, that I so like to get a chance to give a blast. In some respects he was a first-rate fellow, but whenever I looked at his head I got down on him right away. He was endurable with his hat on—not with it off. I may seem as crazy as the rest for bothering my head about such trifles, and moreover, it's nobody's business how a man wears his hair; all that granted, I'm going to buck against all this sort of quills till not a sign of this effeminacy is left. I can't think of anybody to get back at here, since Fremont has given over his fandango notion, so I shall have to simmer down for the present.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, Mr. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

PUGILISTIC SET-TO IN CAMP.

THE PROPER WAY TO SETTLE DISPUTES.

The following report of a prize fight is sent us by a correspondent, who dates his communication from Camp, 125th Regt. N. Y. Infantry, at Centreville, Va., Feb. 18, '63. He says:—The event of our last (and only) pay day, was the occasion of a "lively bout" at fisticuffs between a couple of novices, who, though their names do not appear between the covers of either "Boxiana" or "Fistiana", are men of some considerable pretensions. The parties were one Jemmy Mullen, alias Hard Tack, a lumberman, from northern New York, and a representative of the Green Isle, standing only six feet three inches in his stockings, with the proportions of a Hercules, but at present rather logy, from a superabundance of flesh, brought on, no doubt, by the quantity of gutter snipe (pork) and other rations consumed, in the absence, of late, of physical exercise; and one John Sthab, alias Muley, of unmistakable Teutonic origin, five feet eleven inches in height, strong as an ox, and quick as lightning, and who knows no fear, as he frequently exclaims, "Ich bin Shon Sthab, ich bin no 'fraid von no man, das was I say." The occasion of the encounter was the abundance of "old rye," that, by some means or other unknown to the Provost, found its way in our camp about pay day, and after several drinks by the different factions, as usual, the Teutonic was carrying on the war. The Celtic referred to Corcoran, Meagher, Shields, Mulligan, and others, and the Teuton "mit Sigel," Max Weber, Steinwehr, Schenck, Schoeff, &c., &c. Affairs were waxing rather warm, when the P. R. was suggested. A fort, a little distance off, built by the "Rutternuts" to defend the sacred soil, offered many advantages, which was accepted. Seconds were immediately chosen, Philip Cawley volunteering for Hard Tack, and Jacob Raisch for Muley; bottle holders we had in abundance, nearly every one present holding as much as one bottle; two, who could hold one more each, were eventually found in the persons of Daniel Leahy and William Beyer. We then proceeded to the fort, and to

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men, after shying their castors, stripping, shaking hands, &c., proceeded immediately to work; Hard Tack smiling; Muley rather stern. At the first appearance of the men the odds were in favor of Hard Tack, three to two being freely offered, and readily accepted; after some sparring, feinting, dodging, &c., that would have been no discredit to Heenan or Sayers, had been displayed, Hard Tack got his right duke in lightly on Muley's left peeper; they closed, and both fell, Hard Tack under. (Cheers from Muley's friends. Exclamations of "Dat ish goot," "dat ish recht," "I bet mit den dollar even." Friends of Hard Tack still offering odds, which were quickly taken—betting on the first blood even.) Time, 2 min. 45 sec.

2. After a visit from the bottle holders, both toed the scratch; Muley somewhat elated from the advantage he had gained in the previous round, led off "right smart with his left," getting it well in on Hard Tack's bread basket. (Cries of foul from the Celts, but was overruled by the referee, Corporal Stillman.) At it again—closed, both down side by side, neither having the advantage. Betting the same. Time, 6 min 10 sec.

3. Time being called, both came up eagerly, showing considerable earnestness, and some heavy slashing right and left handers followed, Muley getting his left on Hard Tack's pork receptacle in a manner that showed conclusively that he (Muley) was altogether too quick for his antagonist; Hard Tack, getting desperate, forced Muley to his corner, and tried to get in his right, which Muley dodged. Muley on the pole; (used for ropes) pole gave way and both down. Time, 3 min. 15 sec.

4. Both answered to the call of time promptly; after some considerable sparring, Hard Tack let out tremendously with his right, which Muley managed to get away from handsomely; and in return, caught Hard Tack slightly on his cutwater with his left, causing the claret to ooze out slowly from that member. First blood for Muley. Hard Tack brought his right to bear with rather better success this time, and managed to reach Muley's left peeper, when they again got into close quarters, and Hard Tack fetched his antagonist down with a cross-buttock. Time, 3 min. and 40 sec.

5. On time being called, both came up with bellows to mend, Muley's left ogle slightly damaged, Hard Tack blowing his snuff-box; both confident; Muley again with his left catches Hard Tack square on the potatoe trap, knocking him clean off his pins. First knock down for Muley. (Immense cheers from Muley's friends—"Dat ish goot, by Tam.") Betting three to two on Muley, without many takers. Time, 2 min. 10 sec.

6. At the call of time, it was plainly to be seen that some work had been performed, as Hard Tack was spitting quantities of blood, and Muley's left luminary showed a partial eclipse, which threatened to be total; they squared, both cautious, and some pretty good sparring was shown; getting warmed up, several hits and counters were exchanged, Hard Tack trying to get in his favorite right, Muley getting away in his usual style, and immediately planted a stunner on Hard Tack's olfactory organ, causing a copious discharge of fresh Burgundy, confusing him to a considerable degree; Muley, taking advantage of this, put in his one, two, with effect, and without a return; Hard Tack rallied, and managed to get a slight tap on Muley'y damaged ogle. Muley got in another fine body hit; they both closed, and, after some hard pulling, Muley succeeded in throwing Hard Tack handsomely, and at the same time fall on him heavily. Time, 6 min. 45 sec. Betting, 2 to 1 on Muley.

7. Time being called, Hard Tack came up slowly, evidently suffering from punishment received in the last round; Hard Tack made a lunge with the right, reaching Muley's left peeper; some wild exchanges followed, when again Hard Tack got in a good one with the left on Muley's right optic. Muley began to look wicked, and appeared to be bent on mischief; more sparring, when Muley got in another rib-breaker with his left, which sent Hard Tack to mother earth. Time, 2 min. 50 sec. (Any odds on Muley, but few takers.)

8. At the call of time, Muley was first to the scratch, his left ogle oblivious to all that was going on, while Hard Tack's mug resembled a ration of army beef just issued by our commissary. Muley had it pretty much his own way; frequently, however, striking out wildly, which was, of course, by reason of the approach of a total eclipse; his strength did not appear to be much impaired, while his adversary exhibited unmistakable signs of weakness; however, Hard Tack succeeded in getting a Buffalo grip on him, and punished him considerably about the head, while Muley retaliated by throwing him, rather awkwardly. Time, 2 min. 35 sec. Any odds on Muley, but no takers.

9. On cries of time, Muley led off with his left, but did not get home; Hard Tack got in a little one with but little force on Muley's mug, Muley returned a good one in the neighborhood of where Hard Tack carries his rations (cries of foul were again raised by Hard Tack's friends; commotion among the seconds and bottleholders, Leahy surprising Beyer by a rap on the frontis. Raisch also sent Cawley to grass; a general melee is prevented only by the strenuous endeavors of Jim Nixon, Bill Alexander, Quincy Wood, and Jim Johnson.) Quiet being once more restored, the contestants were brought to the scratch, Hard Tack rather groggy; both squared, Muley again leading off with his left, Hard Tack offering but feeble resistance. Muley finally succeeded in putting in another with his left mauley, which sent Hard Tack again to grass; he was carried by his seconds to his corner, and upon time being called, Phil. Cawley threw up the sponge. Total time, 1 hr. 10 min.

REMARKS.

It will be readily admitted, as was evident to an experienced eye, that Hard Tack carried too much flesh; while, on the contrary, his opponent, being a teamster, and having had plenty of exercise, showed better condition; and this, taken together with his rapidity of delivery, gave him a decided advantage. Had Hard Tack been in better condition and with some training, in all probability the result would have been different. The friends of the winner were very jubilant.

OLD JACK BATH'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

We must say it gives us pleasure to refer to the grand turnout of gentlemen patrons of sport and boxers that looked in at the Oriental Gymnasium on the 19th Feb. When the sad state of the weather is taken into consideration, even greater praise should be awarded to every individual who went there *and paid*. We stood at the door for half an hour, and during that time saw only one solitary individual who didn't pay the postage. That's good for Jack. Any man who would begrudge a quarter to help the fun-loving and generous-hearted Jack Bath, after his many reverses, and particularly as this was to get enough currency together to pay his way to California, ought to—well, we won't hurt anybody's feelings. We are decidedly opposed to the dead-head system, and the boys ought to "shut pan" on it. At Dorsey's benefit there were some half dozen got in on the "reporter" dodge, one of them telling the door-keeper he belonged to the CLIPPER, and "passed." Some of these ducks are quite stylish too, a plaguy sight more able to pay than one half those who do pay. With a little determination, all the "mourners" could be crowded out, if they don't pay. The boys have nothing to fear in this course of action. Mind you, we don't refer to those lending a hand, professionals, but to all those you dont know. In our course of attending exhibitions, since 1856, we have paid every time, except, perhaps, six nights—not missing more than six, and those were so persistent, we should have had trouble had we acted otherwise. We don't wish to be considered blowing, remember—at the same time, by vouching for others, it's almost as bad as doing the act itself. It goes against the grain, so in future let every fish stand on its own bottom, and if it has no bottom, reverse the order of things. We never talked like this before, and hope not to refer to the subject again.

A brief glance at some of the leading sports present will not be out of place before going further. The first figure, towering high over all, was the Alderman, as enthusiastic as ever on all sporting matters, with a good ear for music. Burlinson, House of Commons, (not in Parliament street;) Watts, tall, majestic and stately, poet-laureate to the sporting world, impromptu singer, original recitator, commentator, and spectator; Father Izzy, or Monsieur Lazarus, as he was called in his younger days, when he had an academie in Paris, devoted to *Le Boxe*, together with young Cribb, whom we also know well personally, and have had many a sixpennuth of brandy neat, shrub, and soda-and-gin together at Jem Burn's house in Air street, just off Piccadilly, London; Pete Gallagher, somewhat odd at times, but a tip-top fellow at heart, generous to a fault; Jimmy Mulholland, man of family and songster; Johnny Monaghan, the Pride of Kildare, and concocter of the best hot whiskies in Water street, quiet and unobtrusive as ever; Phil Hargrave, with his pleasant, outspoken countenance, a friend to all, but "there" when wanted; Jimmy Carroll, whose comical phiz never loses its expression, except when he's mad—no, it don't; Jerry Conklin, "with a hat," who would have "fit" Rhody Maguire, only Rhody thought better of it; Billy Sargent, of the Deer's Head, Houston street; Handsome Mike, and his partner, Johnson, of South street, near Rosevelt, who shut up their hotel, so as to be on hand, damning the expense so long as they were happy; Mike Henery, "Gallus Mike," all the way from Brooklyn, with his big "umbrel," a good-natured, harmless sort of fellow, about starting a porter-house somewhere in the City of Churches; Harry Clarke, of 189 Laurens street, brother to William, attired *a la* Tom Sayers, in training costume, "all but the whiskers;" Jimmy Elliott, the Young Giant, quiet, genteel-looking in appearance, a good man, we should think, to tame wild beasts, as one look from him would fascinate the hardest cases of the brute creation—"a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go," and some more we can't get out of our head.

The sparring was as follows, Old Tovee, M. C.

1. YOUNG SULLIVAN AND WHITE HEADED BOB, amateurs of not much account, as is generally the case with first couples.

2. BLACK JACK AND DOBSON.—The former is not Big Wilson of Twenty-one Engine, nor is the latter one of the banjo brothers, although the name are exact counterparts. Black Jack is an old hand with the gloves, whom we have lost sight of ever since Harry Jennings left White street. He looked decidedly rough, and the barber, or somebody else, in dyeing his moustache, somehow or other missed his mark and colored his eyes instead—or maybe Jack was splitting wood for the old woman, and a piece struck him between the eyes. Which was it? Certain it was they were black as sin. Dobson resembles Jimmy Lyons. Their box was a sort of burlesque, Jack cutting up his hanky-panky tricks as usual, when he couldn't best his man any other way, and Dobson had too much sense to play the same game. We didn't think much of it any way.

3. MIKE DORSEY AND ALF WALKER.—"Alf's getting quite a sparrer," (said half a dozen the moment he put himself in shape,) to put 'em on with such a pocket Hercules as Mickey. So he is, boys, so he is, and if he had the stamina, not many of his heft and calibre could make away with him. Still, people mustn't imagine that Alf could ever do as well with Mickey as he did this night. Dorsey got into a dif. last week, and somebody operated on his ribs with a cart-rung, so it couldn't be expected he would show off to the same advantage as heretofore. That's what the matter was. Nevertheless Alf deserves every credit for the manner in which he stuck to Dorsey, took his thwacks, and returned them with all the interest he was master of. They were both good.

4. JOHNNY GRADY AND YOUNG BERRIGAN.—One of those old-fashioned sparring matches, (something of the Josh Hudson style,) that we read of. Good to look at but bad to take. Prithee, 'twas a most excellent bout, creditable alike to Berry as well as Grady. Johnny tells us he is going to sea again pretty soon. Not a bad idea.

5. CHARLEY WALKER AND FRIEND.—The antagonist of Harry Abrahams never shone to better advantage than with his friend George, of Nas-sa-u street. It was real pretty to see Charley chasing George, and George popping his one-two on the retreat. When they clinched, so lively was the fibbing, you couldn't tell one fellow's glove from the other fellow's. For a glove fight it couldn't be beat.

6. YOUNG COBURN AND HANLEY.—Hanley, from the sporting locality of Washington market, "kills for Keyser, and sleeps with"—none o' yer bizness. He's as hard as nails, too, and as tough a cuss to have on the gloves with. Though not so quick as Coburn, he made a capital show, and both received their reward—an outburst of applause.

7. JACK DUNN AND BILL DWYER.—Very uneven for size, Jack topping Bill "about a feet;" yet we can't say that he got any the better of the little dark Brooklynite. Dwyer kept popping at him the whole time, leading off six times to Dunn's once. If Jack could only learn to cross-counter properly, for his size and length of reach, he might fly at high game. Dwyer and Gallus Mike were matched some time back, but it came to "nix." The final rally was well appreciated.

8. OLD JACK BATH AND YOUNG BARNEY AARON.—Youth and age were here represented in such a manner, that but for Jack's good looks you couldn't tell who had the best of it. Jack made out surprisingly well. Everybody said so, and what everybody says must be true. The set-to was as good again as that between Aaron and Kerrigan, at their joint benefit at Mozart Hall, and it is easy enough to form an idea how good it was. Between two of the rounds Jack gave Tovee the cue to say a few words, the effect of which was, that he extended an invitation to all to have a parting "sup o' summut" at his old house on Friday evening, which was generally accepted. Previous to the spar, Ould Jack made a very neat speech, modestly delivered, but proceeding from the depths of his big heart. After the spar, and at intervals during the rounds there was any quantity of cheering, and thus ended the farewell testimonial to our facetious, good-looking friend, Ould Jack Bath. Incompany with Nobby Clarke, he left for San Francisco on Feb. 21, in the steamer Champion.

JOE COBURN AND CON OREM IN PHILADELPHIA.

We are indebted to the Philadelphia *Press* for the following account of Joseph and Cornelius's first exhibition in the Quaker City:

SPARRING TOURNAMENT.—On Feb. 20, Joe Coburn, who is matched to fight Tom McCool, of St. Louis, Mo., gave a sparring entertainment at Franklin Hall, in conjunction with Con Orem, the Champion of Colorado.

The first set-to of the evening was between Orem and Coburn. Dressed in appropriate costume, they appeared upon the stage and proceeded to entertain and enlighten their audience, which, by the way, was a large and respectable one, on the subject of "feelers," "passes," "dodges," "counters," "stealers," "wards," "clinchers," and "falls." Coburn's hits at the "nob" of his respected friend were courteously returned by several "counters" on his "peepers" and "smeller." The entire set-to was an admirable exposition of the art of self-defence, and brought out the prominent "points" of the combatants. While Coburn excels in quickness of movement and the rapidity with which he gets away after delivering a "stunner," Orem is equally happy in dodging, and stealing a blow upon his unsuspecting antagonist. Several sets-to then followed between novices and experts. Of these, the one which elicited the most applause was between Young Porter and Kelly, both Philadelphians, and the former well known as an habitue of the ring. In this contest the "mug," "nob," "gob," "peepers," "smeller," "bread-basket," and other portions of the pugilistic anatomy, all received especial attention. We must also mention the science displayed by John Stanton, who, although without a knowledge of the art, "put on the gloves" and ably defied the Champion of Colorado. The Champion at first was surprised at such treatment from a green 'un, but he finally settled the new candidate for fistic honors, by knocking him flat. Stanton retired, not dismayed, but satisfied. The wind-up of the evening was between Charley Parkinson and Joe Coburn. It was a creditable display, but Parkinson, although eliciting much applause, found himself "one too few" for the boy Joe. Joe, after playfully tapping the nasal organ of Charles, closed the exercises by drawing a little claret from the said organ of his amiable companion.

Thus ended the sparring tournament, which was conducted in a manner creditable to the parties engaged, and to Mr. Smith, the master of ceremonies. Messrs. Coburn and Orem intend to visit Washington and Alexandria, and afford our soldiers some "fistic" amusement; after which Coburn "goes into training" for his coming fight with McCool.

AT IT AGAIN!—Another combat occurred in an east side public house last Friday, Feb. 20, between the irrepressible Bill Tovee and Squeegee. Being Jack Bath's last night of it for some time in our city, and the two old 'uns happening to meet, the old grudge was revived. At first only gloves were used, but they didn't suit William's idea of matters and things, so they took a turn without the gloves, Tovee completely knocking Gardner out of time by a nasty right-hander under his ear. Squegee didn't come to for some time—in fact, Bill got scared, and thought he was a "goner," but a doctor who was there tried the never failing remedy of "closing on his finger," waking Terrible up in no time, exclaiming, "Wot best thee doin' on, blarst yer sanguinary eyes!" The spectators having had quite enough, were satisfied, and a nice little sum was donated the combatants for their bravery.

JIMMY CARROLL BOBBING AROUND.—The "little big man" has arriv from "Borston," and looked in at pretty much all the sporting houses. Jimmy repudiates even the idea of Morrissey's getting the best of him with the gloves, as we were informed by a correspondent, whose object in misrepresenting facts—if he has done so—we cannot divine. Jimmy says the man didn't hardly hit him once. We know Carroll to be a tight little man, about as clever as they make 'em, and were somewhat surprised that this other rooster should have made away with him, as reported. In boxing matches from other cities, which we cannot attend in person, if anybody feels a wrong has been done, he has the regular remedy for satisfaction—that is, to write to our paper and state the facts of the case. If those aggrieved won't do that, or get a friend to do it for them, we can't help them getting "huffy" about it. Don't forget, now, next time.

OLD TOVEE VS. RANNER.—The old gentleman is always in for it. Last Thursday he had a short scrimmage with a big fellow named Rayner in a Houston street hotel, and got all the best of it. A whole party were returning from Bath's benefit "buying something" at the different hotels, and this match was just got up for a lark. A collection was made for Uncle Bill after it was over.

BALL PLAY.

SKETCHES OF NOTABLE PLAYERS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

FRIEND QUEEN:—I think I know a thing or two about base ball and base ball players; and thinking so, I propose to write you a few sketches of prominent players and interesting incidents connected with their career as members of the fraternity. Knowing that you will be delighted, I'm sure," &c., I at once enter upon the subject, and commence my first sketch as follows: As Artemus Ward would say, this is part of the story, so dont leave it out. I know not why it is, exactly, but it is unquestionably a fact, that the city of Brooklyn takes the lead throughout the States in possessing the most skilfull ball players that are to be found. Hoboken was once the leading locality in this respect, but the clubs who play there have long since succumbed to the superior skill of their Brooklyn opponents. There is no question about it whatever, that Brooklyn can furnish a nine that can "take down" any nine any other part of the country can supply. I entertain hopes, however, that the coming season will see the members of the clubs that play at Hoboken, making some exertions to regain their old supremacy, and trust to see the Mutuals, if not the Gothams, fully sustain the credit of the locale that witnessed the inaugural contests of the originators of our national game. But I do not intend to allude in any way to the superiority of club over club, but to the individual skill displayed by members of the fraternity in the two localities. A good method of doing this, I think, is to briefly sketch the characteristics of the leading players of Brooklyn and Hoboken. To begin, therefore, I shall first speak of Mr. Richard Pearce, of the Atlantic club, of Brooklyn.

"Little Dickey Pearce," as he is familiarly termed by his numerous friends, ranks as one of the best general players we have. We first noticed the degree of ball-playing ability that was in him, in the second game at the Fashion Course series of matches. He played as short stop, and was greatly instrumental in securing the victory the Brooklyn nine obtained on that occasion. His score in this game was second best, Grum of the Eckford taking the lead—and in the third game his score was equal to the best. From that time up to 1861, he made the position of short stop his own, entirely; he having no equal in the community. As a catcher—the position he now holds in the club he belongs to—his play on the silver ball match proved him to be one surpassed by none, for he handled the swift balls Creighton sent him in that match, in a style that none but Leggett could approach. Since that time, he has greatly improved by experience, and I think there is none now can come up to his high standard as a player in that position; his perfect coolness, his indomitable pluck, accuracy in throwing, judgment in playing the "points" of the game, and skill in stopping balls from hits, making him on the whole, the best catcher in the country. He has not often played on a base, but I have no doubt he could play in Pearsall style on the first base; like Jimmy Wood on the second; or come Charley Smith's "healthy little game" on third, should occasion require. His prominent characteristic is his perfect fearlessness of the ball. To be "afraid of the ball," no matter how swiftly batted or thrown to him, is something I have yet to see him exhibit. His coolness, too—that is when the "fellers" don't make him mad, and it is not often they can do it—is another noticeable feature of his play. In fact, "Dickey" is an out-and-out ball player and no mistake, and I have yet to see the man of his size and weight that can "take him down," or "play around him" at base ball." I shall not soon forget a match he played in, between the Atlantic and Eckfords, on the Putnam grounds; I think it was in 1860. How he did field as short stop on that occasion, to be sure. Bat the balls as swift as they might, the Eckford boys strove in vain to reach the first base before the ball did that they had tried to send either through Dickey or out of his reach. If it was a grounder, he would first stop, pick it up fearlessly—a way he had—encourage by his deliberation and movement the poor fellow running the base, with the hope of reaching it, and then away went the ball like a rifle-shot, straight into Price's hands at first base,—and he was the man to hold them too—just a second before the player put his foot on the base. "Judgment," Dickey would cry, and "out on the first base," would be the reply of the umpire, invarably. And then, in the fly catching business, too, Dickey was as sure as a trap. More high air balls that come down as if they were going to crack your head open, would come into Dickey's hands and stay there as if that was their only home; and those line balls, or as some one once said, "them ere liners," which few players like to touch; Dickey would put out his hands and stop, if not hold them, as if they were mere cotton balls, and not hard and swift almost as bullets. But it was "grounders" that Dickey was "death on;" those rifle shots that "sting a feller so." It was really a sight at times to see him stop some of them. But I have said enough about Dickey Pearce for the present, and now I shall cross over to Hoboken, and give you a sketch of some one well known to the players on the Gotham grounds. But I think it will be better to make it the subject of another article, so I close for th present.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Jem Mace and his friend, Mr. Windham, (a reputed lunatic, with more money than brains,) attended a great shooting match at Cantley, near Norwich, Feb. 2, when Capt. Cholmesley shot seventy-birds in seventy-six shots. It is said the aforesaid "nobleman" is having a gold cup manufactured for Mace, of $2,500 value, which will be publicly presented to the Champion. The people of Norwich are also getting up a silver tankard, capable of holding nine pints, to donate to Master Jem. We hope these extensively advertised trinkets will not share the same fate as "that belt" presented so many times in grand speeches to the American Champion, John C. Heenan, but which he never received. When they *do* get up a testimonial to a pugilist over there, it's a perfect wind-fall to the originators and manufacturers in the way of free advertising. Perhaps this is the secret, or tricks of the trade, and although we don't wish to spoil their little game, all that sort of thing wouldn't go down here..... George Everson, matched with R. Chambers for the Thames Championship, met with an accident on Jan. 30, in picking up a small anchor, and in so doing severely strained himself. His physicians say that he will require a fortnight's rest to come round again.....A "cobble" race for £100, took place Jan. 31, on the Blyth River, between Teasdale Wilson, victor in several matches on the Tyne, and Leslie Hope, a "sinker" at one of the collieries in the neighborhood; Wilson winning by a couple of lengths. Distance pulled—two miles and a half.....The match between Jack Rooke's bitch Lady, and Bill George's bitch Fan, the former to kill twenty rats to the latter's twenty-two, Fan being eleven pounds, while Lady was but nine, was won by Rooke's bitch; time, 3 min. 58½ secs.....George Newbold is getting up a big picture of the Mace and King fight, similar to the Farnborough one, only considerably smaller, and about half the price.....The *London Sporting News* promises an engraving of Joe Coburn, in their issue of Feb. 14.....Jem Dillon was to have been presented with a silver cup at Nat Langham's, on Feb. 13. "Jem Mace and a band" were also to attend. Werry significant!.....Ed. Price (Posh) is out with a challenge to Jack Rooke, at catch-weight, for £25 a side, to "come off quick." .....Harry Broome is forever in some squabble or other. At our latest advices he was about prosecuting a Mr. Weston (not he of Music Hall fame in High Holborn, opposite Tom Spring's old house), for breach of contract, or something of that sort, connected with sparring matters. Harry's a singular sort of person any way you take him.....Sam Barker and Shepherd ran a five mile race for £15 a side, Feb. 9, Sam giving Shep two hundred yards start. It was very exciting, Shepherd winning by only ten yards. Time of five miles, 26 min. 8 secs..... Charley Westhall, special reporter of the *Sporting Life*, had met with an accident which disabled him using his "dangerous right," as Harry Reed (probably) facetiously writes in his report of a late battle.....A great billiard handicap between the professionals of England, to present Mr. Roberts with a testimonial, was to commence at his own rooms, the Saville House, Leicester square, on the 11th Feb. At the conclusion of the handicap, Mr. Roberts will play the winner 400 up. Twenty-two of the big guns had entered, including such skilfull handlers of the cue as Dufton, Hughes, Bowles, Mulberry, etc. Tickets, 21 shillings sterling, available for the week.

BILLIARD SCORES.—Appended are the scores of the games played at the Columbian rooms, on the 18th inst., which were unavoidably crowded out last week:—

FIRST GAME.

GOLDTHWAITE. Shot.	Count.	Total.	PHELAN. Count.	Total.	GOLDTHWAITE. Shot.	Count.	Total.	PHELAN. Count.	Total.
1..	0....	0	0....	0	11..	0....	174	14....	124
2..	6....	6	17....	17	12..	0....	174	6....	130
3..	15....	21	0....	17	13..	47....	221	8....	138
4..	2....	23	12....	29	14..	0....	221	6....	144
5..	0....	23	12....	41	15..	0....	221	0....	144
6..	2....	25	2....	43	16..	4....	225	6....	150
7..	0....	25	25....	68	17..	2....	227	6....	156
8..	0....	25	15....	83	18.	100....	327	88....	244
9.	107....	132	8....	91	19.	124....	451	2....	246
10..	42....	174	19....	110	20..	50....	501		

SECOND GAME.

DEERY. Shot.	Count.	Total.	KAVANAGH. Count.	Total.	DEERY. Shot.	Count.	Total.	KAVANAGH. Count.	Total.
1..	0....	0	2....	2	14..	93....	293	44....	275
2..	2....	2	0....	2	15..	34....	327	197....	412
3..	4....	6	16....	18	16..	2....	329	52....	464
4..	57....	63	94....	112	17..	0....	329	5....	469
5..	5.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. ELDER, Detroit.—Mr. Swan's leading solution proves correct, though there are some variations at once beautiful and difficult which he has not noted down. He has the honor of being not only the first, but the only one who has achieved this solution. We again solicit the honor of a few contributions from Mr. S., as well as yourself.

THEO. M. BROWN, Berlin.—We herewith start him on his travels, and request our brother Chess editors to give him a kick *en passant*, and so "keep 'im a kitin'."

PASS HIM ALONG.—All our readers will remember that tremendous 36 move prize suicide in the introduction to the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT," by four authors, of whom Richard Mangelsdorf was one. Now, to the utter astonishment of all chess players, this same R. M. has been guilty of a meanness so far below the standard that would condemn to infamy a third rate gambler, that he requires, and we hope will receive, ventilating in every chess column extant. We give the transaction in our Berlin (Prussia) correspondent's own words:—"I had a chess match in the summer, down in the country at a watering place, with R. Mangelsdorf, of Leipzig, one of the fellows named in your book as authors of the 36 move prize suicide. We bet $50 on the first two games, commencing at 4 P. M. I won the first game; the second was a draw. We played on the third game till 10 P. M., with a crowd of spectators around the board, when I had a mate soon. He studied (?) *two hours and ten minutes!*—[A second Dwight.]—refused to move that night—went to bed—got up at five in the morning, and—*left the town!* Pretty rich, eh? That's what's the matter' with 'my poor feet.' Ventilate the fellow; such a thief ought not to be let up. As the money was not staked, I, of course, did not get it. You see, he had a dead sure thing on *der Amerikaner*—only he hadn't."

THEO. M. BROWN IN BERLIN.—Our Berlin correspondent is decidedly makihg his mark in "Deutchland." He says:—"I meet Dufresne, Mayet, Neumann, Lange, etc., occasionally, but can beat them all except Herr Neumann; he wins a majority. He has no theory, but is very strong in the middle stages of the game. * * * * * The gold medal I won in your Tourney excites much admiration among all those who have seen it. * * * * * What a botch they made of the great London Tournament! First prize problem found faulty immediately after publication!"

DUBLIN VS. BELFAST.—An interesting telegraphic contest has recently come off between the cities of Dublin and Belfast, Ireland. There were eight champions on each side, but instead of acting as a whole in committee, the contest was carried on as eight single games, the city scoring most to be declared winner. The contestants were paired by lot, as follows:—

DUBLIN.		BELFAST.	DUBLIN.		BELFAST.
R. F. Hunt	vs.	Mr. Scott.	J. O'Donovan	vs.	Mr. Weir.
P. Jones, Jr.	"	" Cordner.	G. Barry	"	" Robinson.
S. Barry	"	" Kennedy.	Buckley	"	" McLean.
C. Carroll	"	" Glenn	Collins	"	" Neill.

Barry Collins, Esq., Umpire in Dublin, H. Rose, Esq., do. in Belfast. Games 5, 7, and 8 were won by Dublin; in 3 and 4, the same city has a winning position, (to be finished by correspondence) and the other three games will, probably, terminate in draws. Dublin thus achieves a most triumphant victory.—*Irish Sporting Record.*

LIVERPOOL VS. MANCHESTER.—Six champions from the clubs of each of those cities met at Liverpool, Jan. 14, to contest for victory, being paired by lot, each pair to contest three games, the city counting most victories to be declared winner. The pairs were as follows:—

LIVERPOOL		MANCHESTER.	LIVERPOOL		MANCHESTER.
Poschman	vs.	Wilkinson.	Saul	vs.	Gregson.
Schull	"	Birch.	Steel	"	Payne.
Smith	"	Wood.	Surtees	"	Kipping.

The Chess world will learn with surprise that in all these contests Manchester scored but two games, both by Mr. Kipping. The play commenced at 2:30, and closed at 10:30, when the record stood:—Manchester 2, drawn 6, Liverpool 8! Thus has the memory of all former defeats been gloriously wiped out by Liverpool.—*Era.*

DEATH OF MR. HANNAH.—It is with the deepest sorrow that we have to announce the death of Mr. Washington Hannah, the distinguished Chess Amateur, whose name and reputation must be familiar to all our readers. As a resident in Brighton for many years, he did much to promote the interest of Chess in that town. Latterly, during his residence in London, he was a constant attendant at the St. James' Chess Club, where he played frequently. Mr. Hannah greatly distinguished himself in a match with the celebrated chess player Mr. Lowe, at the Cigar Divan, in 1857. On this occasion he won no less than eleven games to his opponent's six, four being drawn. His zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of Chess were evidenced in a striking manner during the late Congress, by his engaging in both the Tournaments, notwithstanding that he was then suffering acutely from disease of the heart, the malady which caused his death. He died very suddenly on Thursday, the 22d ult., at his house in Great Ormond street. As an eminent chess amateur, a kind friend, and as a most amiable and pleasant companion, Mr. Hannah will long be remembered with esteem and affection by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was only thirty-six.—*Ibid.*

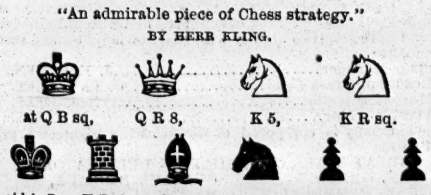
MR. MORPHY IN PARIS.—This gentleman has not yet visited the public resorts of chess players in the French capital, but we are glad to hear that he still takes a deep interest in the game, and that he has frequently attended the select Chess reunions at the house of his distinguished friend, M. A. de Riviere.—*Ib.*

ENIGMA No. 370.

From the Illustrated London News.

"An admirable piece of Chess strategy."

BY HERR KLING.

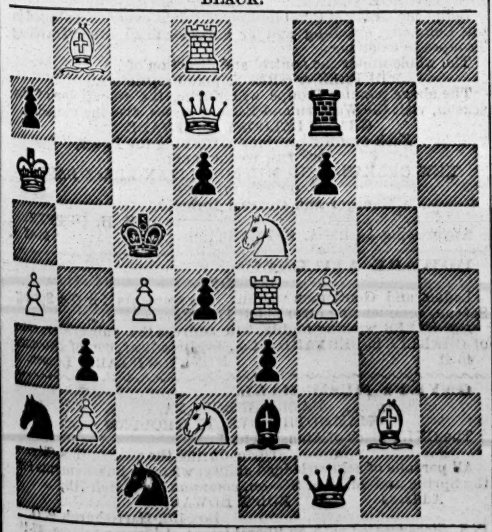


White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 370.

BY THEO. M. BROWN, ESQ., BERLIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 370.

Recently played between our Berlin (Prussia) correspondent, and Herr Neumann, the Champion of that capital.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

Attack, T. M. Brown.	Defence, Herr Neumann.	Attack, T. M. Brown.	Defence, Herr Neumann.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..K R to B 6	Q × Q B P
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	14..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 2
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	15..K R-B 7	K R-B sq
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	16..K R × Kt +	K × K R
5..P-Q 4 (*a*)	Kt P × Kt	17..Kt-Q 5 +	K-Q sq
6..Castles (*b*)	Q-K B 3	18..B-Kt 5 +	K-home
7..P-K 5	Q-her B 3	19..Kt-K B 6	K B × Kt
8..K B-Kt 3 (*c*)	B 3d P × P (*d*)	20..K P × B (*e*)	Q Kt-B 3
9..K B × P +	K × K B	21..Q R-K sq +	K-his B 2
10..K B × P +	K-home	22..B-K 7 +	Q Kt × R
11..Q-R 5 +	Q-K Kt 3	23..P × Kt dis +, and	
12..Q-K B 3	K Kt-K 2	Herr Neumann resigns.	

(*a*) Koch and Ghulam Katsim's attack; more brilliant but rather less reliable than 5..Castles.
(*b*) Giving "a strong but hazardous attack."
(*c*) Q Kt to R 3d would have been better.
(*d*) Weak—"for fun," as he remarked, he *saw* fun. Compare Game VI., "Handbook," p. 300.
(*e*) The whole attack is magnificently planned, kept up, and consummated. Verily there was "fun" ahead.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—B backs down. He writes thus:—"Please inform Express that I am compelled to acknowledge the corn on double corner, and regret that I have put him to so much trouble for nothing." He adds something to the purport that the win is exceedingly simple, &c., which fact (if it be a fact,) we feel certain from your known generosity, you will allow him the exclusive benefit of! As we may not pass your way soon, please call at the Office and get your spondulics.

B., Philadelphia.—Beware of mare's nests, friend B. Do not cause a flourish of trumpets on board the CLIPPER, and then quietly slip through the hawse-hole, by withholding the wharfage, and then trying the simple dodge! The real facts in the case appear to us to be these:—The position is not simple, and this is proved by its raising questions in the minds of very strong players in this city. Having perceived your error in time, you failed to put up the soap, and passed the sponge over the affair, by calling it exceedingly simple! Please let the needful accompany your next challenge.

J. C. WALLACE, Davenport, Iowa.—Either Anderson's or Drummond's work will do. Not to be had in this city at present.

ALIM A. BURT, West Philadelphia.—Book forwarded to your address. O. K.

A. D. VANNATTA, Philadelphia.—Will this gentleman oblige us with his address? We request this for a correspondent who wishes to meet you. Please forward at the same time that you respond to that challenge, if you haven't before this reaches you.

GAME No. 47—Vol. X.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Lately contested between Acceptance and a Friend.

Black, Friend.		White, Acceptance.		Black, Friend.		White, Acceptance.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	21..26	to 31	1	to 6
2.. 8	11	22	17	22.. 2	9	13	6
3.. 4	8	17	13	23..31	26	6	2
4..15	18	24	20	24..26	22	2	7
5..11	15	28	24	25..22	15	7	14
6.. 8	11	26	23	26..15	18(*a*)	14	17
7.. 9	14	31	26	27..12	16(*b*)	17	22
8.. 5	9	21	17	28..18	25	29	22
9..14	21	23	5	29..16	19	22	17
10..15	18	26	23	30..19	24	17	13
11..18	22	25	18	31..24	27	13	9
12..10	15	19	10	32..27	31	9	6
13.. 6	22	28	18	33..31	26	6	2
14.. 7	10	24	19	34..26	22	2	6
15.. 3	7	27	23	35..22	17	6	9
16..11	16	20	11	36..17	22	9	13
17.. 7	16	18	15	37..22	26	13	17
18..22	26	15	6	38..26	31	16	22
19.. 1	10	23	18	39..31	27	22	26
20..16	23	5	1	White wins.			

(*a*) Loses. 12 to 16 draws.
(*b*) 18 to 15 also loses.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 46—Vol. X.

BY H. L., OF PITTSBURGH.

White.		Black.
1..29	to 25	26 to 19
2..25	22	17 26
3..27	23	20 27
4..23	16	12 19
5..15	22, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 110th POSITION.

White.		Black.
1..26	to 22	25 to 18
2.. 9	6	2 9
3..19	16	12 19
4.. 1	5. and wins.	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
6..10	15	21	17
7.. 8	12	27	24
8.. 7	10		

POSITION No. 47—Vol. X.

BY CHARLES A. COOPER.

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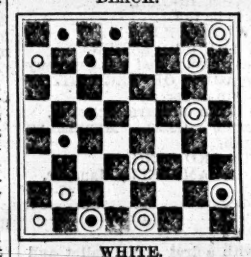
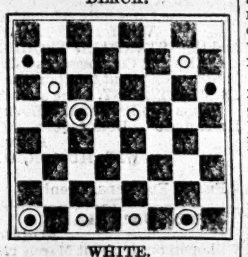


WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE 111th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN, £200 A SIDE AND THE BELT.—The excitement about the Unknown has by no means abated, and it is apparently decided upon in the public mind, that he will turn up from among the following four:—Joe Coburn, of America, (who some time since issued a challenge to Joe Goss, to fight in the States) Nat Langham's Big Black, a steward of an American vessel, and Tom King. Either of the above men is of sufficient height and weight to meet any one of whatever size for the championship. The only one of the four of whom the British public know enough to form an opinion of his merits, is Mace's recent opponent, Tom King, betweem whom and Jem, matters are level, each having beaten the other in turn. This would render a third battle between them of more than ordinary interest. Mace is very anxious that the Unknown should prove to be King, and offers to give Tom £50, should he happen to be the veritable "Simon Pure." Tom King repudiates the rumor, yet he says that the public in general, and Mace in particular, must not be surprised if he is first in the field, should Mace prove victorious. Nat's Big Black was to be seen some time since, and stamped himself a formidable opponent, in consequence of his great strength, which, even then, with his limited knowledge, enabled him to put on one side the most powerful attempts of most of his antagonists when he was tried. The steward of the American packet is above fourteen stone, and stands more than six feet. It is confidently said that he will be found to have a perfect knowledge of the art of self-defence, which, combined with Herculean strength, might pull him through a battle against any such light-weight as Jem Mace. There are still two months to elapse before "the Unknown" is named; but we shall be thoroughly on the *qui vive*, and, from our sources of information, we have no doubt we shall be able to inform our readers of his real name long before the expiration of that time.—*Sporting Life, Feb.* 4.

The third deposit, of £25 a side, for this great match, was duly posted at Young Ben Caunt's, St. Martin's Lane, on Wednesday night. Mr. Bernard was present on behalf of the Unknown, and, according to request, Mace himself was there with the belt, which had been lent him by the stakeholder. Mr. Bernard expressed his satisfaction at seeing the belt, but was especially silent under the "pumping" he received from those who wished to find out the name of the Unknown. Mr. Bernard, however, asked Mace if he would like to bet "a hundred" that he had not seen the Unknown once within the three preceding days. Mace shook his head and seemed puzzled, finally refusing the bet, but appeared more at ease by the seeming tenor of the offer. From the above, it is plain that the Unknown is no myth, and that he is already in England, or that Mr. Bernard knows well how to play his cards, and keep up the prevailing mystery. —*Sporting Life, Feb.* 7.

JEM MACE AND JOE GOSS, FOR £1,000, AT 10ST. 10LB., MACE STAKING £600 TO £400.—Another deposit of £30 to £20 for the above interesting match, in which Jem Mace stakes £600 to £400, was made on Thursday night last, at Nat Langham's, the Mitre, St. Martin's Lane, in the presence of a strong muster of the "upper crust;" while the *materiel*, as usual at Nat's—amongst whom were his stud—showed in their glory.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN.—A further instalment for this important event was staked on Wednesday evening, at Ben Caunt's, and the same has been duly transmitted to the final stakeholder. The proceedings were quite formal at the time in question. The same uncertainty prevails as to the individuality of the Unknown. Our conjectures have been already given, and nothing else has transpired in connection with the subject that we have not already placed before our readers. Tom King is in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and still denies that he is the Unknown. Mace has returned to town from rusticating at Norfolk.—*Ill. Sporting News, Feb.* 7.

MACE AND AN UNKNOWN.—There was a very large attendance at Young Ben Caunt's, on Thursday, Feb. 5, to witness a further deposit for the belt. There was as much mystery as ever as to the Unknown, but a Mr. Bernard, who represented him, offered to lay Mace £100 even that he (Mace) had seen the Unknown, and that the latter had spoken to Mace within the last three days. Jem, however, did not avail himself of the offer. The next deposit is to be made in a fortnight from Thursday, Feb. 12, at a house to be named by Mace.—*Bell's Life, Feb.* 8.

FIGHT BETWEEN TOM KELLY AND DAN LOMAS, FOR £50.

Wednesday, Feb. 4, being the day fixed by the articles for the second encounter between Tom Kelly, of Bradford, and Dan Lomas, of Manchester, there was a vast amount of excitement in their respective towns. Visitors were anxious to obtain a sight of the men, but in consequence of Dan Lomas having lately been bound over to keep the peace, he wisely took his departure towards the appointed scene of action. Kelly, with praiseworthy prudence, also made himself scarce, which was fortunate for him and the lovers of a mill, as in some quarters he was "wanted." They tossed for choice of ground on Saturday, which was won by Kelly, who named Milnethorpe Station, in Westmoreland. Both men had been in the ring previously, and the following is their chronology:—

Tom Kelly, who is of Irish extraction, is twenty-six years of age, 5ft. 9¼in. in height, and weighs 10st. 9lb. Beat Connor, of Leeds, £25 a side, 58 min., Oct. 1, 1860, near Dewsbury. Beat Lomas, £50 a side, 77 min., Dec. 24, 1861, by a foul—Lomas going down without a blow! For this match he was backed from his own house, the old Drum, Croft-street, Wakefield-road, Bradford, where he trained under the care of Alf Crossley, of Wakefield, who brought him to the scratch in very fine condition.

Dan Lomas, who was born in Grudbridge, in Staffordshire, on June 17, 1830, stands 5ft. 7¾in., and weighs 11st. 2lb. He first fought and beat Tom Smith, of Manchester, for £5 a side, in 1860. Beat Brown, of Manchester, £25 a side, Sept. 11, 1861, after fighting thirty-five rounds in 1 hour 30 sec. Received forfeit from Pritchard, of Liverpool, and Pat Sweeney, of Manchester, and was beaten by Tom Kelly, as above. He also trained at home, at the Rising Sun, Gardener-street, Deansgate, having Bill Arnold, of Birmingham, as a mentor. Head-quarters the night previous to the battle were at Lancaster, whence an "exodus" was made by the first train to Milnethorpe, where a disappointment was met in the presence of six "locals," which number was soon increased to eleven. A consultation was held, but a multitude of counsellors produced none of the oft-quoted "wisdom." The referee studied a map, and gave orders to book for Shap, on the borders of Cumberland, but availed himself of the junction at Tebay, so that a diversion into Yorkshire might easily be made. The *pro-tem.* authorities inexorably declared their intention to follow forty miles further north, and even into Yorkshire. Nothing remained but the road homewards, so at nine minutes after two, the services of the Lancashire express were put into requisition (sundry Yorkites and Lancastrians were left until the arrival of the parliamentary train, due about an hour and a half later.) On arriving in Lancaster (still attended by the police,) a stay was made at the station, after which the few game ones left, walked towards the town, but, finding to their delight they were not followed by the police, suddenly diverged to the left, and made an incursion on to the marshes, where no time was lost in pitching the ropes and stakes. Dan Lomas was the first to throw in his cap, at ten minutes past four, having Tim Brannan and "Old Vulcan" for his seconds. Kelly was attended by Mickey Bent and Alf Crossley. Lomas won the toss for corners, and chose the one with the wind at his back. During the completion of the toilettes of the men, the betting was very limited at 6 to 4 on Kelly. All being completed, they stood up at a quarter past four for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men left their corners, so wet and sloppy was the ground that both slipped ere they could get together to shake hands. As they stood sparring, there was a vast disparity in height. Kelly stood perfectly upright, with his arms rather high, and his shoulders working, but this left hand has a stiffness which militates much against his power of hitting, unless delivered in a rush. He is very quick with his right, but lacks precision. Lomas' attitude is decidedly of the old school, both hands being advanced at almost equal lengths, his legs bent, and shoulders and body thrown back. After a couple of feints and some sparring, Lomas rushed in and they closed; both were busy with the right at half-armed fighting, which was in favor of Lomas, who got on the left ear and side of the head with effect, receiving on the forehead. They scrambled to the ropes, when Kelly tossed Lomas on to his back.

2. Kelly came up flushed on the temple and ear. They sparred; Kelly, rather cautious, kept away for an instant, but fancying an opening, rushed in. A scrambling close was concluded by Kelly getting on the hug, and holding his opponent until they reached the ropes, when both were down. Time, 3 min.

3. Kelly, although flushed, came up very eagerly, and forced rattling exchanges with the right and left, but both lacked precision. Kelly, who would not give way an inch, closed, and very soon disposed of Lomas by throwing and rolling over him.

4. The ring by this time had become a perfect slough. Both were cautious, and Kelly, from the previous exchanges, now showed a red mark on the throat, which drew "chaff" from the friends of Lomas. This riled Kelly, who at once dashed in, and, after a couple of wild exchanges, got on the hug, carried his man to the ropes, and, after a struggle, Lomas got down, pulling his adversary over him.

5. Up to this time neither showed marks of any punishment beyond being flushed; both, however, appeared anxious. Kelly, after a couple of breaks away, dashed in with his left on the nose and his right on the cheek. Lomas missing any return, a couple of half-armed exchanges on the side of the head passed, when they broke away; but Kelly persevered, renewed the round, and fought his man down. Time, 8 min.

6. Lomas came up with his nose swollen, and Kelly with his mouth grazed. After some sparring, Kelly again forced exchanges, getting on the nose with his left, Lomas getting on the mouth, drawing blood (settling the claim made for the graze at the commencement of the round). A break-away was followed by Kelly forcing a close, in which both were busy, but wild, until Lomas saved himself by getting out of trouble. Time, 11m.

7 to 26 were of precisely a similar character. Lomas, from time to time, getting down to avoid Kelly's rushes in a most suspicious manner; the umpires in turn appealing for fouls, none of which were allowed. The referee taking a charitable point of view, in consideration of the slippery state of the ring, gave Lomas the benefit of the doubt, and a chance of retrieving his character. Kelly throughout these rounds had to force the fighting, which was of a very ineffective character; but in the last, when Lomas, without a blow being struck, dropped on his knees, an appeal was made, charity was put on one side, and the referee gave him a strong caution.

27 to 37. Lomas carried on the same game of getting down throughout these rounds, evidently getting tired of his job. It was not until the thirtieth round that Kelly's umpire made another appeal, when the referee again cautioned Lomas.

31 to 46 and last. These rounds were only remarkable for the quietness of Kelly's umpire, who apparently considered his man was winning sufficiently fast without appealing, despite the visible disgust of Lomas's umpire. After the thirty-eighth round, Lomas, in his corner, said he had had enough, and wanted his seconds to give in for him, but, by a deal of persuasive force, he was induced to meet his opponent; but continuing the previous tactics, Kelly's umpire woke up, made an appeal, and the referee cautioned Lomas, distinctly stating that it would be the last time. Four more rounds were fought, Lomas in each going down, but so barefacedly at the end of the forty-sixth, that Kelly's umpire, "quite wide-awake," mustered up *an appeal*, which brought down upon the head of the unpardonable offender the final sentence of the referee, who very curtly gave his fiat in favor of Kelly, on the ground of a foul, after they had been fighting exactly 63 min.

REMARKS.

The above fight tells its own tale. Lomas we should advise to find some other occupation, as he is evidently unfitted for a pugilist. He lacks the chief qualification. Of Kelly, it would be unfair to take this as a criterion of his merits, as from the slippery state of the ground, and more slippery tricks of Lomas, no judgment can be correctly formed. A bad fight and the similarity between the rounds would of themselves warrant a curtailed account, but in addition to these radical drawbacks to the mill itself, an accident which befel our special reporter—the well-known Charles Westhall—in the hurly-burly of the overturned railway carriage, deprived him of the use of his "dangerous right" He is, however, going on all right, and will no doubt be ready to watch the doings in the magic circle when next the stakes are pitched in the "Home circuit."

DETERMINED FIGHT

BETWEEN

J. TYSON AND J. CONNELLY.

These novices met on Feb. 10, to settle their differences, at catch-weight, for £10 a side. The "meet" was London Bridge, at an early hour, and tickets were taken for a station far off—among the military! On arriving at the destined point, no fewer than four unwelcome gentlemen (?) were in waiting to receive the visitants. This was not the only disappointment, for it was also found that Connelly and all his friends were *non est.* This mistake was all laid to "ould Nat," who, they said, would not get up, and had sent word he would come by the next train. This necessitated a move to get out of the way of the "blues," and "Tupper's" was the order. Accordingly, all wended their way there, and an hour or more was cut to waste, when North Camp was announced as the next place, and on arriving at that station, all was found serene—Connelly and his friends being there, and Fred Oliver lost no time in selecting a spot whereon to pitch the ring, which was within 200 yards of the place where the late fight between Broome and Baker was decided. Some time elapsed before any one could be persuaded to accept the unthankful office of referee; that over, Connelly, attended by Jem Dillon and Job Cobley, was the first to shy his cap into the ring. He was soon followed by Tyson (a nephew of Harry's), who had for his esquires G. Crockett and Jemmy Keefe. The betting was very languid, although many of those who love to gamble, were present, and it was not until 6 to 4 was offered on Tyson (who had by far the greatest number of supporters) that any business was transacted, and this was done during the time the men were at their toilets. We may here remark, that both lads hail from Paddington, and weigh about 9st each. All being in readiness, they were delivered by their seconds at five minutes past two for

THE FIGHT.

1. On putting up their hands, there was much dissimilarity in the style of the men. Connelly, who was the taller, stood upright, with both hands well forward; while Tyson, in addition to his want of height, stood with his legs wide apart, thus making himself even lower than he would have been had he stood upright. As the lads moved about the ring, many of the old pugilists present might have taken a lesson in training, for certainly two finer specimens of condition never entered the ring, and it reflected great credit on each of their trainers, as well as on the lads themselves. Tyson, after a pause to measure his adversary, dashed his left on the left cheek, and jumped away, laughing. Connelly rushed at him, and getting close, some old-fashioned ding-dong exchanges took place, Tyson getting on the left eye and chin, Connelly on the ribs and side of the head, and after some fine punching on both sides, they struggled for the fall, in which both were down side by side.

2. Both came up eager for work, and, as they were delivered at the scratch, blood was seen from a "barking" on Connelly's chin, which was claimed and allowed. Scarcely had the allowance been made ere both simultaneously made a rush, and some of the most determined fighting ever seen ensued, both pegging away with a will, and fighting all over the ring, until both were down.

3. Connelly came up with evident marks of his opponent's handiwork in the last round on his left eye and nose, from both of which the ruby was trickling. Tyson's friends, even at this early period of the fight, were in ecstacies, and offered 2 to 1 on their man, who had not a mark, and had exhibited milling qualities of no mean order. Tyson no sooner faced his man than he dashed out his left on the left eye, and jumped back from Connelly's return. He again got within distance, and let go both left and right, opening a cut under each eye. This brought them to close quarters, and some of the most determined infighting took place, both slogging away as if their lives depended on the finish of that very round, when Tyson, having got his adversary to the ropes, fought him down.

4. Tyson up without a mark, except a slight bump on the forehead; Connelly with a mouse under his left eye and his left ear swollen. Tyson let go his left, misjudged his distance, and slipped down on his knees, but directly jumped up and renewed the round. After both had eyed each other for a moment, they rushed together, and punched away with a will, Tyson on the nose, eyes, and left ear, Connelly on the body, until they got into a corner of the ring, when Connelly got down.

5. Tyson, who was first up, dashed at his man and got the left on the nose, drawing more blood; Connelly, who seemed to have no idea of fighting, tried to clutch, which Tyson avoided, and again delivered his left on the nose, and his right on the left ear, which now began to swell very much. Connelly, not liking this treatment, rushed with great impetuosity at his man, and, getting hold of him, flung him heavily to the ground, falling himself by the side of him. They had now been fighting ten minutes.

6. From the previous fast fighting, both men came up blowing, and, for the first time during the fight, sparred for an opening (or to get wind.) Tyson soon got within distance, and let go with both hands on the nose and left ear. Connelly being very short in attempting to return, but not liking long shots, got to a close, in which some more pepper was administered at half-armed distance, each doing his best, until Connelly was fought down.

7. Tyson still without a mark, while Connelly's head was very much altered, his left eye having a mouse under it, his nose swollen and bleeding, and his ear much enlarged. Tyson, seeing his advantage, lost no time in getting to work, and at once dashed in with his left on the cheek, and missed a vicious uppercut with his right. Connelly, open-handed, ran at him to a close, and as he went in, met with a stinging right-hander on the ribs; but, nothing daunted, he persevered, and at length got hold, and succeeded in bringing his man to the ground and falling on him.

8 to 20 were all of the same description, for Tyson, who had taken a great lead, seemed determined not to let his adversary rest, and was no sooner placed in front of him than he commenced fighting, getting both left and right on with severity, and escaping almost scathless, the only blows he received being some very slight ones on the body. Connelly, although showing no fighting qualifications, with the utmost gameness worked his way to close quarters, and several times threw his man rather heavily, but had not sufficient knowledge of the art to make the most of the falls by lending the weight of his body to them. Still, he struggled most manfully for victory, and, in the last of the above-named rounds, threw Tyson heavily against the middle stake. Time, 30 min.

21 to 40 were all short, for the fast fighting, coupled with the falls, had told a tale upon Tyson, although he, with the exception of being flushed, and a bump on the forehead, was unmarked, still the steel was taken out of him, and Connelly, cheered by his friends, seemed destined to turn the tide of victory to his corner, and as they came up round after round, waited for no repairs, but dashed at Tyson several times, getting on the hug, and in all the rounds having the best of the falls, while Tyson, with the best intentions to be busy, was blown, and often open-handed, thus doing but little execution. Those in Connelly's corner became most vociferous, thinking that their man had the fight in his hands, and the previous offers of odds on Tyson were now eagerly sought for, but were not to be obtained. In the 33d round, in struggling for the fall, Connelly obtained it, but fell over his man, and his head came rather heavily in contact with the middle stake. This seemed to shake him, for he did not come up with the vigor he had previously shown, and of this Tyson took advantage by getting to him as soon as he could, and after administering one, two, got out of danger.

41 to 73. Tyson, who seemed to have regained his wind, went to work most determinedly, and landed both hands with telling effect on the eyes, nose, and left ear, which latter organ presented the appearance of an India rubber ball, and poor Connelly was receiver general. Still he came up as game as a pebble, and was punched all over the ring, until his friends, seeing that his chance was gone, advised him to give in, which, on time being called for the 74th round, he did, and crossing the ring as strong as when he first began, shook hands with his opponent, owning him to be the better man, after fighting 1 hour 25 min.

REMARKS

On the above fight are uncalled for. Both being novices, little was expected of them beyond a game and determined fight. This all who were present were treated to, and some professors who stand much higher in the scientific art would do well to take a lesson from this contest, for it was on both sides conducted with the most undaunted pluck and bottom imaginable, and we are sure that Connelly, who, although a loser, is not disgraced, will not be deserted by his friends, and the winner, we think, will again be heard of to advantage ere long.

BAGS WATTS AND HARRY WHITE.—These men, after an interruption by the police, met on Wednesday, Feb. 4, at Houghton Common, in the Sheffield district, for £20 a side; White got first blood and first knock-down blow in the first round, and took at once a commanding lead, which his superior height, weight, and length, enabled him to retain throughout. Watts strugled gamely but in vain against his fate, and was finally knocked out of time by a heavy right hander at the conclusion of the 33d round. The fight occupied 36 minutes.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TEN MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE,

BETWEEN

W. LANG AND E. MILLS.

On Monday, Feb. 2, about 1,500 spectators assembled at Hackney Wick, to witness the match between these pedestrians, for £50 and the Ten Miles Champion Cup. This was the second time they have contended for this splendid trophy, their first match having been decided on Monday, Sept. 1, in the past year. Mills, on that occasion, was vanquished with the utmost ease, not being able to run the whole of the distance out; his defeat was attributed to his not being in proper condition. Lang had, therefore, still to retain possession of the cup, having proved his right to hold it against all challengers by the victory he obtained over Sam Barker in their race, which was decided on Monday, July 14, 1862. The pedestrians had to pass the referee 68 times. The duties of M. C. were discharged by W. Richards. The betting was 6 to 4 on Mills, and a good deal of money was laid out. As the laps were "chalked off," they were distinctly made known to the referee, while H. A. Reed acted as timetaker. The race had been fixed for half-past three o'clock, and the pedestrians made their appearance on the course some few minutes after that time, the weather at the moment being most unpropitious, a thick rain falling throughout nearly the whole of the match, which rendered the ground very heavy. The pedestrians had to go off by report of pistol. On going away, the lead was taken by Lang, who headed his opponent some two or three yards, and in this position, at a rattling pace, the men continued running until coming round the bend of the course to enter the straight in the sixth lap, when Mills, in one of his beautiful spurts, challenged his man for the lead, and on the termination of the first mile, (4min 55sec) was some two or three yards to the fore. Throughout the second mile (10min 15 sec) there was not the least variation in the position of the competitors, as Mills led by about three yards. While, however, they were going along the back stretch in the sixteenth lap, (the commencement of the third mile) Lang closed on his diminutive opponent, and once more went in advance. This position was maintained by the provincial until running the twenty-first round, when, in another fine spurt, they again "rung the changes," and on the finish of the third mile, (15min 25sec) Mills was once more leading. During the performance of the fourth mile, the struggle was well sustained, and on its completion, (20min 35sec) the Middlesborough clipper was again number one. Without dwelling much on the several alterations that were made in the position of the men, we may briefly state that the race on the part of both continued to be gallantly contested. The first five miles (half the distance) were splendidly run in 25min 35sec, six miles in 30min 45sec, seven miles in 35min 55 sec, eight miles in 41min 7sec, and the pedestrians ran nine miles in 46min 17sec. As the competitors passed the officials for the "opening" of the tenth and last mile, Mills was leading, having Lang some three yards in the rear; indeed, at no period of the race had the men been more than this distance apart. While contesting the last mile, the lead was maintained by Mills until the pedestrians went careering along the back of the course in the 68th and last lap, when Lang, in a most extraordinary spurt, closed upon his opponent and took the lead. This position Lang now maintained to the goal, and went in a fine winner, Mills being some 10 yards in the rear. At such a swinging pace did Lang come down the run to the goal, that he could not stop himself, in consequence of which he ran forcibly against the palings at the bottom of the ground, not, however, we are glad to say, hurting himself seriously. The 10 miles were run in 52min 31sec, and when the unfavorable state of the weather is taken into consideration, this cannot be looked upon otherwise than as a fine performance.

The following is the time of each mile:—

miles.	min.	sec.	miles.	min.	sec.
1	4	58	6	30	50
2	10	17	7	35	55
3	15	30	8	41	12
4	20	35	9	46	23
5	25	40	10	52	36

CORRECTION.—In our account of the room fight between Mick Hayes and Joe Spencer, the names somehow got mixed up, where it says So and So threw So and So, it should have been the other fellow. It makes all the difference in the world, and we wish the injured party had communicated with us about it before.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 371.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Booker, and Davis's funniments; Clifford's songs, dances, and jigs; Eddy's artistic wench business; Campbell and Gray's ballad singing; and the fine bass voice of Hilton, are the themes of general admiration. We are glad to see that our friends of the Monumental City have at last got a sterling company amongst them, headed by a man who fully understands his business, and does it. Why not locate permanently in Baltimore? That city ought to have its minstrel band, the same as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. We shall be pleased to learn that the Campbells have established themselves as a fixed fact in the Monumental City.

Buckley's Serenaders are in the East, and showed in New Bedford on the 25th and 26th; then in Salem the remaining two nights of the week, and open the current week in Lynn, Mass. It is expected that they will make their *rentree* in Boston some time in April.

Rumsey's Minstrels are billed for this evening, March 2d, at Norwich, Conn.

Sanford, with his full band of minstrels, is about to start on his travels for the spring and summer season, leaving Harrisburg on the 4th of March, and opening the same evening in Lewisburg, and on the 5th and 6th he enters Williamsport, finishing the week at Lock Haven, on the 7th. He will then continue his route through Pennsylvania and other places, until the 16th, on which evening he will commence a series of his popular entertainments in Pittsburgh.

Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Burlesque Opera Troupe of eighteen Ethiopian artists, in conjunction with Com. Foote and Col. Small, opened at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Feb. 25, and were to continue there for a few nights. The two little 'uns appear in a variety of acts arranged expressly for them.

MUSIC HALLS.

At the Bella Union, San Francisco, business continues excellent, the principal cards being Biscaccianti, in singing; Maria, in dancing; Marian Lee, the funny biz.; Connor, the Irish; Wyatt, the violin, etc. Sam Tetlow, the proprietor, is mentioned as "being all gold, and no greenbacks."

Percival's Canterbury company, down at Alexandria, Va., in "Old Vuginny," have been in the full tide of success, and we are informed that the managers are having a new set of scenery and appointments prepared for the stage. An original burlesque, entitled "Mazeffer, or the Wild Mule of the Canterbury," was recently put on the boards, and created lots of fun. Dick Parker was the Mazeffer, and Charley O'Neil the Mule. It was gotten up by the business manager of the Canterbury. C. W. Parker has been performing his great box feat. Barney Carter, Frank Wyant, Miss Julia Richmond, and the pretty sisters Marie and Augusta were announced for last week.

The Gayety Music Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., is a gay place, and furnishes the denizens of that locality with amusement "all the year round." Talent is wanted by the manager, Bob Edwards, for the spring and summer season, commencing March 7. See advertisement.

"The Magic Barrel," a pantomime by George R. Edeson, was produced, last week, at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C. The Magic Barrel is said to be a staving piece, and to play well. The scenery is very pretty. The Arab Lay, another new affair, is pronounced a good egg, by those who "have been there."

Signor Bliss walked in at Lea's Melodeon, again, last week, having terminated his Philadelphia engagement. He is certainly a card not often met with now-a-days. He walks upside down with seeming ease. Miss Jennie Engle's beautiful face also showed itself at the Melodeon during the week, and the lady at once came into favor.

We hear that Mr. Smythe has engaged the hall adjoining Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and intends converting it into a concert saloon.

Dick Sands and Tim Hayes closed a big engagement at the Varieties, Washington, D. C,, on the 26th Feb.

The Sacramento Melodeon thrives. In the company performing there, are Misses Fanny Stephens, Louisa Paullin, Emma Norton, the Misses Fillmore, Lew Rattler, Charley Rhodes, J. Edwards, Johnny Rowe, and another row of names we have not room for.

Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, meets with excellent patronage. All the old favorites still appear, and new ones are engaged. This week, J. W. Ward will attempt the difficult feat of throwing a double somersault. "J. K. Campbell," the original "Ham Fat Man," is added to the company this week.

Mickey Warren and Mike McKenna are advertised to dance for a "thousand dollars," at Mulligan's benefit, in Philadelphia, on the 5th. "How are you, green-backs?"

A globe and slack rope performer desires to receive engagements in concert halls, or with a traveling company. See Joe Cook's advertisement in another column.

Miss Annie Rush, ballad singer, has been engaged by Messrs. Gardiner & Enoch's, for their Canterbury, Philadelphia. She commenced there this evening, March 2.

Prof. George C. Dobson and Levi Brown, both great on the banjo, commences at the Varieties, Washington, D. C., this evening, March 2. Uncle Jeems Pilgrim has a gay party around him at the Varieties, and he has so drilled them that they go through their business like well-oiled machinery.

Tony Pastor made his appearance at the Continental, Philadelphia, last week, and the *encores* he received showed that he was not a forgotten Pastor. Mr. J. C. Wallace, Irish comedian, who performed here for one week, had to withdraw on account of a severe cold. John Mulligan is up for a benefit at the Continental on the 5th inst. Tom Vance has left, accompanied by Miss Kate Archer, we believe, to join the company at the Newark Theatre, Newark, N. J.

First class talent is sought for by Wm. M. Allen, sole lessee and manager of the Melodeon, Pittsburgh, which is claimed to be the largest and most eligible concert hall in that city.

At Norfolk, Va., their sources of amusement are about to be added to, as W. T. Dulany and Geo. Stewart intend opening Johnson's Hall, with a first class ballet and pantomime troupe, on or about the 12th inst. They already have a number of talented artists, but are on the look out for more. See advertisement elsewhere.

The Newark Theatre was opened on the 28th for miscellaneous performances, under the auspices of Mr. Hitchcock, of Canal street, N. Y. The advance guard are Tom Vance, Geo. Winship, Bob Butler, Chas. De Vere, Amelia Wells, Josephine Bernard, &c.

At the Varieties, St. Louis, they have been doing "The Dumb Girl of Genoa," in a manner that speaks well for the company. T. Cony appeared as Strapado, and G. P. Jaques as Antonio.

The Bowery, St. Louis, is thriving, and "Ondine" has been the attraction.

CIRCUSES.

At Nixon's Circus, Alexandria, Va., they have been doing Mazeppa, with Mr. J. Naylor in the principal part. Jimmy Reynolds, the clown, was up for a benefit on the 25th Feb., and as Jimmy is a favorite down in that vicinity, no doubt his friends made the affair a benefit in reality. Eaton Stone, the Whitby family, Sherwood family, Sam Lathrop, etc., are still with the concern. The unpleasant weather we have had interfered with business in Alexandria, as well as in other places.

James Melville and family, having concluded their performances at the Arena, Brooklyn, open at the Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, this week, and this may probably bring up business. The Conrad Brothers have been re-engaged.

In regard to our recent notice of the death of Mr. Samuel Long, in Paducah, Ky., we have received a letter from his widow, in which she makes reference to the removal of the remains from Paducah to Centre Valley, Pennsylvania. She says that Mr. Richmond never furnished any aid or encouragement in the matter, but insisted that to take the corpse to Centre Valley for burial would be useless expense, and that the widow ought not to incur it; that if the friends of Mr. Long wished his body taken home, they should send for it themselves, etc., etc. Notwithstanding these objections, Mrs. Long says that she felt it to be her duty to take the corpse home for interment, and she did so take the body to Centre Valley, Pennsylvania, where she had it decently interred in the old family burying ground of his family, and has had the place of burial appropriately marked by a monument. The whole of this was done at the expense of Mrs. Long, without aid or encouragement from any one. We publish this in justice to the widow, and at her own request.

O. S. Wheeler called upon us last week, and states that that advertisement in our last issue, for men of 225 lbs. avoirdupois, etc., was not authorised by him, but has no doubt found its author in some one desiring to do him injury. If that be its intent, we hope it will signally fail. It is a mean thing to strive to injure another's reputation.

Since Hanlon's *debut* in l'echelle perileuse, numerous rivals have sprung up. One of the most recent, and, we are informed, one of the best, is Andrew S. Newton, of Boston. As will be seen by his advertisement herein, he seeks an engagement for 1863.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In reference to the latest break-up of the Heller entertainments, a correspondent made some unjust imputations upon Mr. Fred. Hunt's connection therewith. In order to have our record correct, we give Mr. Hunt a chance to speak for himself, as follows:—Cincinnati, Feb. 21, 1863. FRANK QUEEN:—In the last issue of the CLIPPER, detailing the latest *fiasco* of the renowned "Robert Heller," whose English name is Henry Palmer, the facts, as detailed by your correspondent, are so erroneous and unjust to myself, that I am compelled, in self defence, to make a brief, but correct statement. The performances of Heller extended in Philadelphia twelve nights, and not four weeks, as stated. It was not profitable, as your correspondent avers; for while the expenses averaged $70 per night, the average nightly receipts were $26. Heller was grumbling daily at the absurdity of continuing the business, and more than a week previously he informed me that he had made arrangements with Messrs. Steinway, of New-York, to take a situation in their piano-forte establishment. There was not near money enough to liquidate the Philadelphia debts, and under the circumstances I adopted what I believed to be the most equitable course. I paid the boarding bills, including a wine transaction of Heller's, incurred at the Girard House, and after liquidating some other debts, as far as the funds would reach, I divided the balance between Messrs. Davidson and Brittingham; the former, Heller's assistant; the latter, his advertiser; leaving only sufficient money to bear the expenses of myself and son to this city. Most of the advertisements were paid, and besides a bill for printing at the Ledger office, all that was owing was for the twelve nights' rent of the hall, for which the proprietor is secured by property that cost myself and Mr. A. J. Daniels $3,000, and towards which Mr. Heller never contributed a cent. For the truth of the above I refer you to Sam Miller, Esq., who will testify to my having settled the board of the troupe, and to Brittingham, Heller's advertiser, now in New-York, and Davidson, his assistant, at present in this city. The idea of my being indebted to this man, is, to those who know him, absurd. At the present time he owes me a cash account of nearly $1,000. Respectfully yours,

FRED. HUNT.

This is the last week of the exhibition of Goodwin & Wilder's "Polymorama of the War," at Cincinnati. The proprietors have met with much success in Cincinnati; in fact, they have done well ever since starting from Niblo's Saloon, in New York, where the exhibitions were given during the holidays.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers, with 240 silver bells, all told, were in Po'keepsie, Feb. 28th.

Gottschalk and Carlotta Patti were to appear in Brewster's Hall, New Haven, Ct., on Feb. 27th.

The big snow storm delayed the baggage of the Ravel Troupe, consequently they were unable to appear at New Haven, Ct., as announced, on the 23d.

Prof. Love, the prestidigitator, etc., gave one of his miscellaneous entertainments at Nassau, N. P., on Feb. 5th, "under the patronage of His Excellency, C. J. Bayley, C. B., Governor of the Bahamas." Among other things, he performed the feat of amputating a man's nose, a large one—in other words, a perfect bugle.

Ames & Sutton's Mammoth Stereopticon was at Troy last week. "Camera" says it is a fine affair, and regrets that it should have struck Troy at a time when skating carnivals, fairs, and moonlight nights were in full blast.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers are to be at Troy this week. They are favorites there, and always jingle out the tissue paper.

Mr. Rand, of Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., has arranged for extending his already large hall, forty feet further on Third street, and placing a fine gallery therein, and the Trojans think it will eclipse anything out of the metropolis.

Mons. Siegrist and son were at East Saginaw, Mich., last week.

There is a pair of fine-bred English pointer dogs, performing dogs, now in the possession of Mr. H. Orren French, in Keene, N. H., which are said to be really wonders. They are so closely matched that a stranger cannot tell them apart. The oldest one is "Jack," that took the first prize as a performing dog at Barnum's show in Boston, last summer. They do a great variety of tricks, such as shaking hands, smoking pipes and lighted cigars, feigning dead, sitting up, saying prayers, jumping hoops and paper balloons, fetching eggs without breaking them, creeping, balancing on inverted stools in mid air, playing lame, rocking a barrel while standing on the top, going up and down ladders either forwards or backwards, and many other feats. Their owner would like to engage with some company for the season. See advertisement in another column.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,
NEIL BRYANT, S. C. CAMPBELL,
W. W. NEWCOMB, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
DAVE REED, ROLLIN HOWARD,
W. L. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS, J. MORRISON, MAST. BURNSIDE,
FRANK LESLIE, DAN EMMETT, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 43-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT. R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
46-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS.....Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB.....Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, and during the week,
Grand revival of E. Bowers' Burlesque, entitled
ZE OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.
Daddy Hemp.....E. Bowers.
Last week of PETER PIPES; or, The Man About Town.
OLD UNCLE SNOW.
Uncle Snow.....Archy Hughes | Laughing Joe.....G. Whiting.
Topsy's song and dance, I'SE SO WICKED, from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by G. W. CHARLES.
LIFE ON THE FLATBUSH ROAD,
Written and sung by.....E. Bowers.
Entire change of Programme every week.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 47-

THE GREAT ORIGINAL
SANFORD,
and his
STAR COMBINATION,
WILL START ON THEIR SPRING TOUR FROM HIS OPERA HOUSE, HARRISBURG, Pa.,
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th.
SANFORD, THE PEER OF MINSTRELSY,
with his Legitimate
CHOIR OF MINSTRELS,
(No DEAD WOOD.)
Every performer a Company
WITHIN HIMSELF;
Consequently the Manager can present thrice the entertainment of any other troupe in existence. It is not necessary to have a dozen Agents or Mammoth Pictorials—the
NAME OF SANFORD
Is sufficient guarantee of success, which has always been with him in every city and town throughout the
UNITED STATES,
GREAT BRITAIN, and
THE CANADAS.
The Programme presented at each place we may have the honor to visit, will be strictly complied with, and a guarantee that all is
ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE.
The Troupe will appear at Lewisburgh, Wednesday, March 4; at Williamsport, Thursday and Friday, March 5 and 6; at Lock Haven, Saturday, March 7.
See Route Weekly in the CLIPPER.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, at PITTSBURGH,
When the whole range of Burlesque Operas will be performed. We challenge any two companies in the world, combined, to equal our entertainments. For
VARIETY AND SATISFACTION,
possessing more merit than any company within our knowledge. We feel confident that Novelty, as produced with our management, cannot fail to meet the approval of the most fastidious.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD, Manager and Proprietor.
N. B.—Artists of merit, wishing Star Engagements, at the Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., will address MISS M. A. FIELDING, who has leased the above for the Spring and Summer. 47-1t*

WINTER GARDEN.
The distinguished and most successful
TRAGEDIENNE AND COMEDIENNE,
MISS MARY PROVOST,
In her own translation and adaptation of the
GREAT PARISIAN SENSATION DRAMA
In Prologue and four Acts, entitled
LUCIE D'ARVILLE,
Supported by the favorite young actor,
MR. L. BARRETT,
And the entire company, every evening except
FRIDAY, MARCH 6,
The occasion of MISS MARY PROVOST'S first benefit in her native city, when she will appear in her matchless impersonation of the COUNTESS, in J. Sheridan Knowles' beautiful play of
LOVE.
Open at 7¼; begin at 8 o'clock. 47-1t*

"DOBSON'S BANJO," NO. 6 AMITY ST., few doors from Broadway. Over 300 banjo players were present on Saturday evening, to contend with H. C. & C. E. Dobson for superiority in banjo playing. The Dobson Bros. will be at home again on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, March 4th and 7th, to compete with any banjo player in the world. Imported Ales, Wines, Liquors and the choicest Brandies.
47-1t* CHAS. E. & FRANK P. DOBSON, Proprietors.

MANAGERS OF CONCERT SALOONS AND TRAVELING COMPANIES wishing to engage GEORGE W. ARCHER, Globe and Slack Rope Performer; also, JOE COOK, Agent and Advertiser, will do well to address immediately, JOE COOK, Baltimore, Md.
N. B.—Managers of Poppy Shows need not apply. 47-2t

WANTED—To travel with a SIDE SHOW, two good Comic Singers. Also, three young Ladies to sing and dance. None need apply who are not up to their business, good looking, and reliable. Address F. J. HOWES, 600 Broadway. 47-tf

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
SECOND WEEK.
Another Triumph for the celebrated native Prima Donna,
MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
Who, in conjunction with the Eminent Artist,
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Will appear in Balfe's Great Operatic Spectacle, entitled
SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE,
The greatest Danseuse on the American Stage,
MLLE. ANNETTA GALETTI,
and Mons. MARZETTI, every evening.
New Scenery by J. E. Hayes and J. H. Selwyn; new Music and full Chorus, under the direction of HARVEY B. DODWORTH; new Costumes, new Appointments and Mechanical Effects, by Mons. Philippe, S. Wallis, and Runyon & Demilt.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, and every evening till further notice, will be performed the new Romantic Operatic Spectacle, entitled
SATANELLA;
OR, THE POWER OF LOVE,
Satanella, the Spirit of Beauty, Julian, a Demon Page } MISS C. RICHINGS.
Arimane, the Master Fiend.....
Hernando, Fabio's Tutor.....Mr. PETER RICHINGS.
Matino, the Imp of Mischief, after Flick.....Mons. MARZETTI.
In the course of the Spectacle, a GRAND BALLET, by Mlle. Galletti, Mlle. Marcetti, Mlle. Katrine, and Full Corps, under the distinguished maitre de ballet, SIGNOR RONZANI.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 47-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 2,
IMMENSE HIT.
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF BOUCICAULT'S
GREAT DRAMA OF
PAUVRETTE;
OR, UNDER THE SNOW,
Produced in Gorgeous Style, in Scenery, Powerful Effects, &c.,
With the immense
AVALANCHE OF SNOW,
Occupying the entire extent of the
VAST STAGE,
Producing one of the most
SUBLIME AND THRILLING EFFECTS
Ever presented to the public.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.
MRS. W. G. JONES, MISS FANNY DENHAM,
MR. G. BROOKES, MR. W. MARDEN, MISS HATHAWAY.
EL HYDER.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.....as.....Mat Mizen.
MR. AND MRS. PETER WHITE.
Wednesday—Benefit of MISS HATHAWAY. 47-

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manageress.....MISS LAURA KEENE.
Doors open at 7; begin at quarter before 8 o'clock.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 2,
FIFTIETH NIGHT of the brilliant Engagement of
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG.
And Fourth Week of the great Fairy Extravaganza, the
FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,
MRS. JOHN WOOD
In Three of her Popular Characters,
As Queen Lucidora,
Page Pitchin,
and Original Jacobs,
Introducing the last new Song,
"HOW ARE YOU GREENBACKS?"
MR. WALCOT, Sen., as KING LACHROMOSO.
THE ARAB GIANT, as GALIFRON, THE GREAT.
Beautiful Music, Splendid Scenery, and an unequalled cast of characters. 47-

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
M. C. CAMPBELL.....Manager.
Now performing to Crowded Houses at the
BALTIMORE MUSEUM.
Comprises the following talented performers:
J. H. BUDWORTH, M. C. CAMPBELL,
NED DAVIS, MAST. EDDY,
JOHNNY BOOKER, J. E. MEAD,
J. W. HILTON, J. TANNANBAUM,
J. H. CLIFFORD, J. LIVINGSTON,
GEO. GRAY, W. NEVEBIUS,
T. WADDEE, S. ROGASI.
Recognised and fully acknowledged to be the
VERY BEST BAND NOW TRAVELING!!
and the STANDARD TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
Critics and Connoisseurs will see at a glance that this company is fully competent to attain the very ACME OF PERFECTION IN MINSTRELSY. The attractions are in part:
SONGS AND BALLADS OF LOVE AND HOME, ARTISTIC DANCING, HISTRIONIC BURLESQUES, OPERATIC GEMS, MERRIMENT EXEMPLIFIED,
WIT, HUMOR, GENIUS AND SONG.
M. C. CAMPBELL, Manager.
FRANK EDWARDS, Agent. 47-tf

JOHNSON'S HALL,
NORFOLK, VA.,
Will open on or about March 12th, with a first class Ballet and Pantomime Troupe, under the management of
WILLIAM T. DULANY and
GEORGE STUART.
The company includes
WILLIAM T. DULANY,
The Young American Pantomimist;
MAD'LLE GERALDINE,
The Beautiful and Accomplished Danseuse,
And other first class artists.
P. S.—WANTED—A good Pantomimist, to play Old Men; also, a good Negro Singer and Dancer, and five good Female Solo Dancers. Address immediately, WM. T. DULANY,
47-1t* Butler House, Philadelphia.

ARTEMUS WARD'S
COMIC ORATIONS.
In answer to numerous propositions from the Proprietors of Public Halls to share receipts, Mr. BROWNE begs to respectfully state that he never makes arrangements of that kind. 47-4t*

F. RULLMAN'S
MUSICAL, OPERATIC,
DRAMATIC, AND TERPSICHOREAN AGENCY,
For First Class Artists only.
63 East 14th street, corner of 4th Avenue,
47-1t* New York.

MLLE. ANNETTA GALLETTI—In reply to numerous Managerial applications, Mlle. GALLETTI, premiere Danseuse, respectfully informs Managers that her Business Agent is Mr. F. RULLMAN, 63 East Fourteenth street, and that all applications respecting Engagements must be addressed to him. 47-1t*

MELODEON, PITTSBURG, PA.—The Melodeon is the largest and most suitable Concert Hall in the city. The proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent suitable to his business. Terms liberal. Apply as above.
47-4t* WM. M. ALLEN, Sole Lessee and Manager.

ANDREW S. NEWTON,
L'ECHELLE PERILEUSE PERFORMER and HURDLE RIDER is desirous for an engagement for 1863.
Managers in search of the above talent will please address
ANDREW S. NEWTON, Care of A. Foss, Esq.,
47-3t*] No. 7 Harvard street, Boston.

McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.
The Renowned Danseuse and Pantomimist,
SENORITA ISABEL CUBAS,
And
MISS JENNIE HIGHT,
The Young American Artist,
are meeting with Great Success at the above-named
TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT. 47-1t*

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY.—A good END MAN to PLAY BONES. One that can do Songs and Dances, Comic Speeches, Comic Banjo Solos, and well up in Double Acts. He must be temperate and a good Ethiopian Comedian. No other need apply. Telegraph, immediately, to the Donegana House, Montreal, Canada East, stating the lowest terms, CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Manager of Duprez & Green's
47-1t* New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels.

THE TALENTED JUVENILE ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS, LITTLE TOMMY AND WALLIE, three and four years of age, acknowledged by both the press and public to be the greatest original curiosities now existing on the Ethiopian stage, and whose performances have created such a furore in the Western cities, are now open for "Star Engagements." These boys are universally pronounced gems of their profession, and although mere infants in size and age, they imitate all the comicalities of the Plantation Darkey with as much zest and unction as the veteran performer; and their rare and quaint conception of the nigger character, their rich and racy funds of original wit and humor, added to their tender age and Liliputian dimensions, stamp them the greatest cards now existing in the Ethiopian business. Parties wishing to enter into engagements will please address Mr. JOHN JEROME, Deagle's Varieties, Music Hall, St. Louis, Mo. 47-1t*

MISS NELLY RICHINGS, THE AMERICAN CANTATRICE, now at Hamblin & Co.'s Varieties, Washington. Managers wishing to engage this, the most popular vocalist in the country, can do so by applying to her sole agents, JAS. CONNER & CO., 614½ Broadway. 47-1t

MARIETTA RAVEL.—This beautiful Tight Rope Artist and Spanish *Danseuse*, now at Jane English's Tremont Theatre, Boston, is engaged with Messrs. FOX & CURRAN, to open the NEW IDEA, March the 15th. Managers wishing to negotiate for the services of the above artist, may apply to her sole agents, JAS. CONNER & CO., 614½ Broadway. 47-1t

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
GLORIOUS SUCCESS,
CROWDED HOUSES,
To witness the refined entertainment of
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
THE PIONEERS OF THE PROFESSION.
MONDAY, MARCH 2, and every evening during the week.
THE STRANGER, FOUR VULTURES,
HAPPY UNCLE TOM, LORD LOVEL,
SAMBO'S OPINION, THE ECHO,
SANDY GIBSON, NEW SONGS, DANCES, by
EPH HORN, CHARLEY FOX, NELSE SEYMOUR,
FRANK BROWER, COOL WHITE, HENRY, LOCKWOOD,
GLENN, SCHWICARDI, ISAACS BROTHERS,
GARATAGUA, HASLAM, LEIS, LEWIS, &c.
In preparation—
THE NEW PRIZE PLAY, GRAND DAD JOE.
Doors open at 6¾; commence at ¼ to 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 47-

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
WM. C. SMYTHE.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
SEVENTH MONTH OF THE SEASON!
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
OF THE
STAR MUSIC HALL OF THE COUNTRY!
Open Every Night, with the
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY
IN THE WEST!
Comprising the following Artists:—
The Star Sisters, AUGUSTA and MARIE,
The best Danseuses in the country!
The Talented and Fascinating Terpsichorian Artistes,
Misses KATE and LIZZIE FRANCIS.
MISS IDA DUVAL,
The best Songstress on the Stage.
MISS ROSA DUVAL,
The Charming Balladist.
MISS JULIA MORGAN,
The Champion Female Jig Dancer of America!
MAD. BRIGNOLI,
The Wonderful Violinist.
MISS MAGGIE WILSON, MISS JULIA BAYMOND.
MISS JENNIE DUMONT, MISS LIZZIE MILLER,
AND THE
PRETTIEST CORPS DE BALLET OF THE STAGE.
MR. EDWARD WRAY,
The popular Banjoist and Comedian.
MR. JOHNNY HART,
The most original Comedian in the business.
MR. HARRY LESLIE,
The only rival of the great Velarde,
And the best Rope Walker in the country.
MR. R. S. RAYMOND,
The popular Comic Singer.
MR. W. C. MORGAN,
The wonderful Cannon Ball performer.
MAST. FRANK MORGAN,
The Juvenile Wonder.
MR. MOSS CAMPBELL,
Banjoist and Comedian,
(warranted an Original "Campbell.")
MONS. GEORGE,
The great Violinist.
M. DE. THOUEVENAL,
The wonderful Flying Ring performer.
THE LAZELLE BROTHERS,
The terrific Trapeze performers.
MR. H. W. THOMAS, MR. HARRY M. DAVIS,
MR. JIMMY THORN, MR. HERK CONDEA.
CHARLIE RIVERS,
The great Clog Dancer and Bone Soloist.
AND A HOST OF OTHERS.
A WORD TO THE PROFESSION.
TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES,
Under its present Management, is known to the Profession and the Public as the only Music Hall in the country that owes its success to its attractions on the Stage. We have NO DRINKING, SMOKING, or "PRETTY WAITER GIRLS;" our patrons visit our Establishment to see a FIRST CLASS PERFORMANCE, and as far as possible, the Management caters for the satisfaction of his Visitors. For this reason none but first class performers need address us on the subject of engagements. To such we are always willing to pay good Salaries, and as we are always in the market for First Class Talent, we shall be happy to hear from such members of the Profession desirous of lucrative Engagements.
Address the Management.
47-2t J. W. SIMPSON, Treasurer.

JUST FROM NEW ORLEANS
AND THE ISLAND OF CUBA.
CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
MAKE WAY FOR
THE GIGANTIC LEADING MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
Also,
COM. FOOT and COL. SMALL,
the two smallest men in the world, outdoing Tom Thumb twenty-five per cent. They are 23 years old, weigh 22 pounds each, and only 28 inches high, admitted to be the greatest curiosity ever brought before the public. They appear in 24 different acts, expressly arranged for them. Just from New Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.
Stage Manager.....J. E. GREEN.
Leader of Brass Band.....C. LAVELLEE.
Musical Director.....J. HEEP.
Vocal Director.....G. BIDEAUX.
The company is composed of the following eighteen Artistic and Briliant
GREAT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.
J. E. GREEN, GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,
J. K. CAMPBELL, HARRY SLATE,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
JOHN KELK, CALIXA LAVELLEE,
FRED FLORENCE, LOUIS WEST,
J. H. KELLOGG, FLEM ADAMS,
EDWIN HOLMES, GILBERT POND,
A. S. PRENTISS, WM. DUBOIS,
GEORGE YOUNG, SAM P. MARRION,
Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
GRAND BALCONY SERENADES,
Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
OF TEN PIECES.
Manager and General Director,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
Advertising Agent, A. S. PRENTISS. 44-tf

HOWARD ATHÆNEUM,
BOSTON.
Ladies and Gentlemen wishing Engagements for the Spring Season, commencing on or about 11th May—and
☞ STARS wishing nights, will address the subscriber, care of CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway, cor. of Broome.
46-4t HENRY WILLARD, Lessee.

GAYETY MUSIC HALL.
HARRISBURGH, PA.
MAMMOTH NOVELTY TROUPE.
The ONLY place of Amusement
Open during the year in this City.
All persons of acknowledged ability, wishing Engagements for the Spring and Summer Season, commencing March 7th,
Address ROB'T EDWARDS,
Box 132, Harrisburgh P. O.
P. S. Stars treated with on liberal terms. Address as above. 47-1t*

THE FAIRY WEDDING!—CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of LILLIPUTIAN WEDDING PARTY. Gen. Tom Thumb, in his wedding dress, 25 cts; Mrs. Gen Tom Thumb, in wedding dress, 25 cts; Mr. and Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, in wedding dress, 25 cts; Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie, groomsman and bridesmaid, 25 cts; Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, in celebrated reception dress, 25 cts; Misses Lavinia and Minnie Warren, 25 cts; the whole Bridal Party, (group of four,) card, 50 cts; the Bridal Party, (stereoscopic picture,) 50 cts; the Bridal Party, (stereoscopic colored,) 75 cts. The price of Card Pictures, colored, will be 12½ cts extra.
Can be sent by mail on receipt of price.
47-1t Address J. W. BYRNES, P. O., New York.

WONDERFUL PERFORMING DOGS.—I have two splendid Performing Dogs, to exhibit which I would like to engage with some company for the season. They can perform more, and a greater variety of tricks than any Dogs I ever saw or heard of. Among their performances is that of swinging on a slack rope; and one of them can ride a pad act in the ring; they are also both broke so as to drive in double harness as good as any pair of ponies. They smoke pipes and cigars, feign dead, jump hoops, etc.; fetch eggs, walk up and down ladders, play lame, etc., etc. As they do their tricks together, they make a much better show than a single dog can make. Parties wishing to secure their services will please address
H. ORREN FRENCH,
East side of Main street, opposite Cheshire Bank,
47-1t Keene, New Hampshire.

ONLY BILL POSTERS IN BALTIMORE.—J. W. HARPER & Co., No. 3 North st. (basement.) 41-12t*

AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICAN THEATRE, 444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY. 444
The most Popular Place of Amusement in the City.
The greatest combination of talented artists in the World.
ENTHUSIASM UNBOUNDED.
A continued succession of triumphs nightly mark the career of the
EXTRAORDINARY HOST OF ARTISTS
now concentrated at this establishment.
MAMMOTH BILL FOR MONDAY NIGHT.
The whole entertainment so interspersed with varied acts as must please any cast of mind.
MAMMOTH COMBINATIONS,
eclipsing all former efforts, and settling at once the question, which is that
THE AMERICAN THEATRE
is the greatest institution for amusement in the world.
READ THE LIST OF NAMES.
First appearance of
SIGNOR MONTEVERDE,
the great Spanish contortionist. His wonderful aerial poise appears miraculous.
First week of
M'LLE FLORA, M'LLE FLORA,
the accomplished danseuse.
MISS AUGUSTA WALBY,
the artistic dancer from the Western theatres.
CHARLEY WHITE, CHARLEY WHITE,
The Leader of all Negro Comedians, author of all the successful Ethiopian Farces, Burlesques and Extravaganzas of the day.
SILAS BALDWIN,
The great Indian Juggler and Necromancer.
J. WAMBOLD,
The unequalled Banjoist, unrivalled in his imitation of birds.
T. GETTINGS, T. G. RIGGS,
GEORGE WARREN,
F. SHAW,
MASTER TOMMY,
in their mirth creating Comicalities and Ethiopian Extravaganzas, Songs, Dances, &c.
MADEMOISELLE LOUISE,
the accomplished lady Drummer and Vocalist.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE
composed of the most finished dancers.
With other prominent performers.
The finest Orchestra in the City, under the leadership of Professor FERD. VAN OLKER.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 46-tf

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
TONY PASTOR,
The celebrated Comic Singer and Jester.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER,
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
MR. J. C. WALLACE,
MISS CLARA BERGER, MR. MIKE McKENNA,
MISS JULIA PRICE, MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS, MR. TOM VANCE,
MISS KATE HUGHES, MR. C. W. PARKER.
MISS KATE HAMILTON, MR. JNO. RITTER,
MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet..... 25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH,
PHILADELPHIA. PA.
R. FOX.....Sole Lessee.
THE STAR OF THE "CASINO" STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
The Unerring Voice of the Public
PROCLAIMS THAT
FOX'S CASINO, FOX'S CASINO,
Is the most Respectable,
The most Comfortable, and
The most Popular place of Amusement
IN PHILADELPHIA.
"THE COMPANY"
The most Versatile,
The most Talented,
And the Largest,
THAT EVER APPEARED IN ANY MUSIC HALL
In the City.
Whatever is Great in the World of Talent, invariably finds a home at
FOX'S CASINO.
NOTE.—The above popular place of Amusement has now been in the tide of successful operation for upwards of Six Months, under the management of Mr. R. FOX, formerly Proprietor of CANTERBURY HALL, New York, during which period it has earned for itself the name which all other Managers have in vain tried to obtain, viz:
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
Artists of real merit can find good engagements by applying either personally or by letter. Stars liberally treated with.
CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer and Business Manager. 46-tf

HART & SIMMONS'S
STAR TROUPE OF MINSTRELS,
CONSISTING OF EIGHTEEN PERFORMERS,
WHO STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL.
"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, endeavor to deserve it."
The care exercised in the selection of every Artist, is a guarrantee to the public that every one engaged is a STAR.
UNNPRECEDENTED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
CONSOLIDATION IN REALITY
OF
TWO COMPANIES.
THE MODEL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Are now on a tour through the State of New York, on their way West. During the past week they have appeared to immense audiences, who have pronounced their performances truly humorous and side splitting; their language and actions of such a character that none, however fastidious, can possibly be offended, bespeaking Actors of the highest tone and perception.
THEIR SONGS, MELODIES, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
AND DANCING,
Forming one of the most pleasing Entertainments ever offered, led by
BOB HART, the Quintessence of Fun,
and
LEW SIMMONS, the Unrivalled Banjoist.

SAMUEL COLE,	WM. BLAKENEY,	J. R. TAYLOR,
J. H. SAVAGE,	D. RIST,	G. GERMAIN,
J. H. SADLER,	WM. BLYTHE,	C. SMITH,
G. DROSKIN,	F. WELLS,	WM. WALTON,
GEO. SMITH,	J. CHARLES,	HARRY KENTON.

WM. NICHOLS, Treasurer.
Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent. 45-

CARD TO MANAGERS OF PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—The following talented artists are under written engagements with George Lea, proprietor of LEA'S MELODEON, Baltimore, and formerly lessee of the NEW YORK MELODEON, and OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, to perform at any respectable place of amusement in the United States; each one of whom stands without a rival in the profession, and are universally acknowledged by the press and the public as the ne plus ultra in their various lines of business:
SIGNOR BLISS,
The Great Antipodean Pedestrian, who walks the ceiling head downward—the only performer now living who executes this wonderful feat—together with his son, YOUNG AMERICA, in their various gymnastic acts.
JOHN MULLIGAN,
The most popular Ethiopian Delineator of the day. A sure card for enterprising managers.
ANDREW LEAVITT,
Banjo Soloist of all the most popular Negro Songs and Sketches of the day. MULLIGAN and LEAVITT combined, form a very attractive feature in an entertainment.
MISS JENNIE ENGLE,
The handsomest woman on the American stage, and, as a vocalist, by far the most pleasing and attractive of any lady now singing in concert halls or theatres.
BILLY CAVANAGH,
The best Irish Vocalist in America. His songs are entirely new, composed on the topics of the day, and sung only by himself.
The above performers are all Stars, and will be engaged to managers, either individually or as a combination, at a reasonable salary. All communications in reference to the above performers must be addressed to GEORGE LEA,
Melodeon, Baltimore, Md.
N. B.—Stars wishing engagements by the year can obtain good salaries by applying as above, and save themselves the trouble of looking after engagements. 46-2t

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m* Proprietors.

BENE EST RIDERE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now meeting with
GREAT SUCCESS
In all the Western Cities,
On their route to
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. NEWCOOMB,
Avant Courier.
Col. R. BRIGHAM BROWN,
Advertiser and Paragraphist.
Maj. O. UNDERWOOD.
Programme Wrestler,
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man.
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

"THE PEARL OF THE AMERICAN STAGE."
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
This distinguished artiste whose thrilling and pathetic rendition of
LADY ISABEL AND MADAME VINE,
in her celebrated dramatic version of the novel of
EAST LYNNE,
has been pronounced both by PRESS AND PUBLIC the most marked success of the present day, will appear as follows:
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
Monday Eve., Feb. 23.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
Tuesday Eve., Feb. 24.
CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Wednesday Eve.. Feb. 25.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
Thursday, Eve., Feb. 26.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
Friday Eve., Feb. 27.
CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Saturday Eve., Feb. 28.
And will appear in the two cities for
FOUR CONSECUTIVE WEEKS,
Alternating her performances as above. On
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23d,
She will appear at the
WINTER GARDEN,
In this city. 45-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
R. HAROLD.....Conductor.
J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.
SIGNORA BIANCHI, SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES, MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE, MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG, SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI, MONS. CHARLES,
And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts
Private Boxes....$5 and $10.	

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

FOR SALE.
TO SHOWMEN AND OTHERS INTERESTED.
The Privilege to run the CANDY STAND inside and outside of Wheeler's International Circus and Modern Arena. Said Stand has the Right of Sale of all Refreshments, also of Tickets and Song Books. Also for sale, the First Right to SIDE SHOW. Said Circus will start from Boston on or about the 25th of April next.
Also, Candy Wagon, with all the appurtenances for carrying on the business, and a two horse Side Show Wagon and Harnesses.
Also, a small Polyorama of the War, in first rate order. Price very low, for cash.
Also, a fine Circus Band Wagon, one of the best in the country, will be sold for less than half its original cost. Cost at Feelding & Brothers, of New York, $1000; will sell it for $400, cash.
Also, 40 Wax Heads of noted individuals; will be sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for city property.
Also, a large Glass Steam Engine in perfect order, and tubes, blowers, &c., &c., being a complete Exhibition, and offers a rare chance to any one wishing to engage in Glass Blowing.
N. B.—None need apply unless they have the cash to pay in advance, and to those we will sell very low.
For terms apply to
GOODWIN & WILDER, 81 West Fourth street,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
Or WM. G. CROMBIE, No. 1 Warren square,
46-tf Boston, Mass.

A CARD.—TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELSY AND CONCERT HALLS.—For the benefit and welfare generally of the above named profession, I sincerely feel it my duty to warn Managers against one J. H. Campbell, Ethiopian Comedian and Bone Player, (formerly a member of Duprez & Green's Minstrels,) who has acted unprincipled with me by breaking his engagement and leaving my troupe at Schenectady, on the 20th inst., without any cause or reason whatsoever, and furthermore, without giving me a moment's notice, especially at the time when his services were needed the most. He was engaged for the season at $15 per week and expenses. He has been connected with us about three months, during which time every member of the company will testify that I have treated him kindly and gentlemanly, and have done more by him than I had agreed to do, as I repeatedly advanced him money when actually in need. I voluntarily gave him a benefit in New Orleans, at the Academy of Music, last January, which was the means of placing a very liberal amount of dollars in his pocket; and to-day, for all these favors, the said J. H. Campbell injures me several hundreds of dollars by leaving me at this particular time. First, injury by a heavy order of printing I have just had done at Clarry & Reilly's, also at Purcell & Dutton's, New York, with the said Campbell's name attached flourishing over large life-size cuts. Secondly, by being advertised to appear with us in six different places, announced very extensively by programmes and posters; and thirdly, by not having at present a man to fill his position, just at the eve of opening in Montreal for two weeks. Therefore, in justice to myself, and for the future benefit of Managers, I would say beware of one J. H. Campbell.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager of Duprez & Green's
46-2t* New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels.

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1863. 42-tf

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS!
Composed of the following Talented Artists:—
R. S. RUMSEY, HARRY HAPGOOD, WM. PRICE,
W. H. BROCKWAY, H. BUTLER,
JULES STRATTON, O. P. PERRY,
O. H. CARTER, W. HERMAN,
GEO. WRIGHTMAN, THOS. DEVERELL,
JAS. GAYNOR, MASTER HENRY,
CARL SCHULTZ, NED WEST.
This Troupe are now on a Tour, and will visit the principal cities throughout the East and West.
The best Quartette,
The best Comedians,
In the Minstrel Profession.
45-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

MORNINGSTAR'S EXCELSIOR
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
This Superb Troupe of Ethiopian Melodists are now performing with Unbounded Success, at the Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky. Judges of Negro Minstrelsy pronounce this Company well deserving the name of CAMPBELLS.
The following well known gentlemen comprise this Excelsior organization:—
W. E. MANNING, DAN M. HOLT,
J. H. STOUT, CLARK GIBBS,
DAN W. COLLINS, SIGNOR ANGELO,
JOE MAIRS, FRANK ANGELO,
J. C. MURPHY, D. ANGELO,
MONS. HAGER, MASTER HARRY,
MISS FRANK CHRISTIE.
CHAS. A. MORNINGSTAR, Proprietor.
GEO. H. BENTLEY, Agent. 45-

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
J. B. MURPHY,
MARTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 46-tf

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM E. SINN.....Sole Proprietor.
GEO. R. EDSON.....Stage Manager.
Also of
LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE CANTERBURY
Is the
MOST MAGNIFICENT
MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.
None but the
VERY FIRST TALENT
WILL BE ENGAGED
at this
BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability always wanted.
Address to
GEO. PERCIVAL, Business Manager,
Or WILLIAM E. SINN, Proprietor,
46-tf Box 159, Washington, P. O.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,
MRS. JUDAH, MISS MOWBRAY,
MRS. C. R. THORNE, MRS. CLAUGHLEY,
MRS. JAS. STARK, MISS FREDERICKS,
MR. J. B. BOOTH, MR. L. F. BEATTY,
W. M. LEMAN, W. C. FORBES,
S. W. LEACH, FRED FRANKS,
E. THAYER, H. BROWN,
With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1.00	Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
Parquet.....50 cts	Gallery.....25 cts
Private Boxes.....10 and 5 dollars.	

Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
40-tf Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

MR. CHANFRAU,
THE POPULAR
AMERICAN COMEDIAN,
NEW YORK'S
FAVORITE DRAMATIC SON,
Will shortly appear in a new phase of character added to his already extensive repertoire. Mr. Chanfrau has purchased the exclusive right to perform Chas. Gaylor's very successful Play entitled
OUR
AMERICAN COUSIN
AT HOME.
And will shortly have the honor of appearing in the now world-renowned characters of
LORD DUNDREARY,
AND HIS
BROTHER SAM.
"That's the idea."
46-4t "And all that sort of thing, you know."

THE HOLMAN
NATIONAL OPERA TROUPE,
BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL EVERYWHERE.
Now open for Summer Engagements.
SOMNAMBULA, CINDERELLA,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST,
CHILD OF THE REGIMENT,
THE YOUNG ACTESS,
MRS. PARTINGTON,
THE OLD CLOCK, &c.
Letters addressed to the CLIPPER Office for
46-3m* GEO. HOLMAN, Proprietor and Manager.

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 46tf

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
This is the largest, most comfortable, beautiful, and altogether the most popular theatre in this city. It is for RENT, BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from the present date, January 10, or Troupes can exhibit in it on sharing terms. All applications to be made to the above manager, at Columbus, Ohio, to the 1st of April, next. 40-tf

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE AND AMPHITHEATRE, Leicester Square, London, England. The Proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent and novelty suitable to his Mammoth Entertainment. Terms liberal. Apply as above. 45-4t

THEY HAVE GONE.
COL. ELLINGER,
With his Troupe of Living Wonders, have gone to Canada,
WITH THE FAMOUS
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE,
COMMODORE FOOTE
AND
COL. SMALL,
Whose diminutive size and brilliant performance have astonished more people than any other Prodigies that have ever been introduced before the public. The whole world is challenged, not EXCEPTING P. T. BARNUM,
FOR 40,000!
To produce his equal in
AGE, SIZE, WEIGHT, AND EDUCATION,
OF
COMMODORE FOOTE,
The most Extraordinary Man in Miniature of the age, being 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 22 pounds.
These Wonderful Curiosities have just arrived direct from New Orleans and Havana, where they have concluded the most successful engagement in the annals of Amusement.
The Commodore is
SMALLER, LIGHTER, BETTER FORMED,
AND
FAR BETTER EDUCATED,
Than either TOM THUMB or COM. NUTT,
All of which BARNUM, the PRINCE of SHOWMEN, is forced to acknowledge, from the evidence of his sending his agent to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to engage the Commodore at any price.
Any letters accepting Challenge, will reach me at the New York CLIPPER Office. WM. ELLINGER,
47-tf Preceptor Com. Foote and Col. Small.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE.
600 BROADWAY.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
Open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS IN AMERICA.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY,
At 11½ A. M., 3 and 8½ P. M., by
PERFORMING ELEPHANTS, PONIES, MONKEYS, & MULES.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts. 47-

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

J. E. McDONOUGH'S
NEW PLAY OF SEVEN SISTERS!
Having concluded a Brilliant Engagement of three weeks in Cincinnati, at Geo. Woods' Theatre, is now performing at Ellsler's, Columbus. Will appear next at Henderson's, Pittsburg, for three weeks; thence to Louisville, at Geo. Wood's new Theatre; at Indianapolis, April 6th; thence to Cleveland, at Ellsler's Academy of Music; and McVicker's, Chicago. Last Scene newly painted. All business communications and engagements addressed to JOHN HUNTLY, Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Business Agent for JOHN E. McDONOUGH. 45-4t*

DEARBORN STREET OPERA HOUSE,
Nos. 115 and 117, Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
FOR SALE—This valuable Property, now occupied, and possession given when required. It is acknowledged to be the best Music Hall west of New York. Will seat 800, can be extended at small expense to accommodate 1200 to 1400 persons.
Apply to JOHN PARKER, Treasurer,
46-2t-s.b. Chicago, Ill.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.—SAM LATHROP, the Original KENTUCKY CLOWN, STUMP ORATOR, and COMIC VOCALIST, is ready to negotiate for the coming Traveling Season. Mr. LATHROP has not performed through any of the Atlantic States for the last five years. Address
SAM LATHROP, Nixon's Circus, Alexandria, Va.
Who speaks first? 46-2t*

TO MANAGERS.
THE SISTERS IDA AND ROSA DUVAL,
Operatic and Comic Vocalists, having closed their lengthy and prosperous Engagements in the West, have returned home, where, after a short rest, they will be prepared to enter into other Engagements. Address 1025, Federal street,
46-2t* Philadelphia.

NOW OPEN at Smith & Ditson's Hall,
CINCINNATI,
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
GIGANTIC POLYMORAMA OF THE WAR.
The only legitimate exhibition of the War now travelling, forming a complete epitome of all the thrilling incidents and events connected with the
GREAT REBELLION,
Its route through the Western Cities has, thus far, been a GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, exhibiting nightly to HOUSES CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING, 43-tf

PEOPLE'S HALL, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of
FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES,
Has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably one thousand persons. For terms, &c., apply to J. M. MARTIN,
44-13t* People's Hall, Newburgh, N. Y.

ATHENEUM THEATRE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
40-tf Columbus, Ohio.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

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PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of KATE BATEMAN, also, as Leah; Maggie Mitchell, Lucille Western, Laura Keene, Caroline Richings, Mrs. John Wood, also in character; A. I. Menken, as French Spy and Mazeppa; Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Isabella Cubas, Fanny Brown, also in character; Webb Sisters, Lavinia Warren, Tom. Thumb, Mr. and Mrs. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, E. Forrest, E. Booth, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Wilkes Booth, Ed. Adams, Lester Wallack, and hundreds of others. 25 cents each, or five for $1. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MRS. JONES.

Maiden name Granger. Born in England, in 1782; was the daughter of a respectable physician, who, dying when she was quite young, left her in reduced circumstances. The grandmother took her, and brought her up as a singer in the London theatres. In 1800 she married Mr. Jones, comedian, and came to America.

Made her *debut* on the American stage at Philadelphia, in 1801, where, after playing three seasons with her husband, she went to Boston, and opened under the management of Powell, in 1804. But domestic disquiet entered her dwelling, which ended in her husband leaving her and her four children for Charleston, S. C., where he performed one season, and where he died, in August, 1806.

During her engagement here, Mrs. Jones unfolded more talent, acquired more professional reputation, and was at all times a great favorite with box, pit and gallery.

Died in New York, Tuesday, November 11th, 1806, of consumption, after a lingering illness, in which she was attended by three, and at length six, of the most eminent physicians, who humanely and generously volunteered their services in behalf of so valuable a life. Her disease baffled all their skill; for she continued to decline and waste from the day of her return from Virginia till death closed the scene, on the 11th of November. After her death, it was ascertained that her lungs were fatally affected. A report was circulated that her death was owing to the recent loss of her husband. The truth is, she had been separated from him for more than a year, and he was pursuing, at a distance, an abandoned course of life, while she was providing a maintenance for their children.

In the "Jordon" line, she never had an equal in this country. In the ballad and pathetic style of music, she was unrivalled. Her voice had a heartfelt sweetness, peculiar to herself, and its flexibility was wonderful. She could

Dwell on the note, and die along the strain,

without the appearance of labor to herself, or giving uneasiness on her account to the auditor. Her cantabiles were executed with a neatness, a taste, and a grace never before heard on our boards. In her comedy and farce, she was equally extraordinary—always chaste, yet never deficient in spirit—always true to nature, yet never for a moment flat or insipid. She had a gay vivacity of manner and archness of look, tempered with modesty, that never failed to win upon every spectator. After all, she had but stepped upon the threshold of her fame. Possessed of a strong and cultivated understanding, with a turn for study—a tolerable person—a countenance, not handsome, but very expressive—a strong, clear, and well-modulated speaking voice, with a pronunciation the most unexceptionably correct and elegant that was ever heard, and an easy and graceful carriage—she would, in the course of a few years, have become a theatrical wonder. In her private deportment, she was amiable, benevolent, and charitable to the utmost of her power.

JOHN CHARLES FREER.

Son of Captain Freer, of the British army; was born in Malta. Was originally intended for a mercantile life, and at a very early age held a position in a banking house in London. When quite young, Freer and Wm. E. Burton (our Burton) took a trip to the old town of Coventry, and made their *debut* together as Sir Charles Cropland and Dr. Ollapod, in "The Poor Gentleman."

In 1840, Freer came to America, and made his *debut* May 14th, as Edgard the Idiot, in the drama of that name, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Came to New York, and appeared at the Park Theatre, in the same year, as Richard the Third. Subsequently he accepted the stage management under Burton, in Philadelphia.

Shortly after, he returned to England. Returning here again with some friends, he leased the Richmond Hill Theatre, New York, and sunk all his capital. Then he became stage manager of the Chatham Theatre, New York, which position he filled very ably for ten years. Returned to England, where he died, in December, 1857, caused by wounds inflicted by his own hands.

Freer was, unfortunately, both over ardent and erratic, and he never could succeed in filling the leading characters of the old dramatist, which was the hope of his young ambition.

JOSEPH M. FIELD.

Born in England, and came to this country at a very early age; was for many years engaged in literary pursuits. He married Miss Eliza Riddle in 1836.

Made his first appearance in Philadelphia September 7th, 1843, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Charles Austencourt, in "Man and Wife." He was author, actor, editor, and manager. In 1852 he was manager of Field's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo. Died in Mobile, Monday, January 26th, 1856, after a brief illness.

Mr. Field had complained for some time of an affection of the throat, which, no doubt, was the immediate cause of his death. At the time of his decease he was manager of the Mobile Theatre.

The public career of this gentleman was one triumph, whether we regard it in its literary or dramatic sense. As an author, he enlivened the community with numerous dramatic sketches, and under the *nom de guerre* of "Straws," penned some of the wittiest letters ever printed. As an actor, he was considered one of the best light comedians on the stage; and as a manager, enjoyed a reputation for honesty and integrity. He left a wife and an interesting daughter, fifteen years of age.

WILLIAM DINNEFORD.

Born in London. Came to America for mercantile purposes, and at one time, at the east, was engaged in the billiard table business. Made his first appearance on the American stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1823; he was engaged for the leading business. Made his *debut* in New York in 1826, at the Lafayette Theatre. Became manager of the Bowery Theatre, and, a short time afterwards, the Franklin Theatre, New York. He travelled all over the United States, with strolling companies, from Maine to California. Has been actor, author, manager, auctioneer, broker, and merchant. Opened a lodging and eating house at 157 Broadway, New York, in August, 1845, called the Byron. Died at Panama, December 8th, 1852.

JOHN DIAMOND.

The renowned "jig dancer" was born in New York, in 1823, and at an early age gave evidences of his abilities as a dancer. A contract was entered into between Barnum and Diamond, and he performed in all the principal cities with great success. Visited England, under the management of Barnum, and performed to crowded houses.

On his return from England, his contract with Barnum expired, and he traveled on his own account, meeting with immense success.

Died in Philadelphia, October 29th, 1857, in very reduced circumstances. His pride would not allow him to make known his wants to those who would gladly have assisted him. The funeral took place from the Raymond House, George street, above Eighth. The remains were interred in Cathedral Cemetery.

SOL. SMITH'S THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

We next proceeded to Paris, Ky., and opened with the Honey Moon. I observed a countryman enter the theatre, before the candles were lit, and place himself on the front bench near the centre. Presently, as the audience began to congregrate, he became surrounded by ladies, who seated themselves each side of him. He did not turn his eyes to the right or the left, but kept them fixed on the performers. When I came on as the Mock Duke, I observed him sitting in the manner described, with his face leaning on both his hands. When I seated myself to hear the complaint of Juliana against her husband, he and I were not more than three feet apart, facing each other, he leaned further forward than usual, straining his eyes to take a still closer view of my features. All of a sudden, as if he had become convinced of some very important fact, he jumped up, and striking his hands together with great force, exclaimed aloud—"I'll be d—d if its wax!" The uproar this occasioned among the audience caused my gentleman to look round—he seemed to be sensible for the first time where he was; his ludicrous appearance on making this discovery made the people laugh still the more, till it increased into a real Kentucky yell, and the uproar did not subside till the cause of this mirth made a retreat.

While performing the same play at Port Gibson, in 1829, when the Duke, in answer to a knock at the door, bids his wife to "see who it is that knocks," a gentleman who happened to be standing near the stage door, very composedly opening it and peeping out, turned round to the Duke and answered—"It is nobody but one of the actors."

In Nicholsonville, a few weeks afterwards, we were performing the farce of "Lovers' Quarrels." The theatre was in the ballroom, and the landlord was in the habit of going behind the scenes to witness the performance; on account of his belonging to the church, he did not wish to be seen in front. In the first scene when Carlos was making a present of his watch, purse, &c., to Jacinta, for her good news—I (as Sancho) advised him to save something to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage and said: "Mr. Smith, don't mind your board, go on with the play just as you would—if you haven't the money at the end of the week, I will wait." He was honored with a thundering round of applause, and he backed out overwhelmed with his reception.

TWO FEMININE MONITORS.—The Boston *Herald* in its police column of Feb. 12, publishes an account of a set-to between two females who made use of their respective water batteries with effect. Read the report of the conflict:—Margaret Healey and Mary Harrigan had a hydraulic fight yesterday. Each fortified herself behind a pump-sink, and opened a water-battery. Margaret played a tremendous stream, but Mary was not stingy with her water. Both got very thoroughly wet. Mary's ammunition gave out, or the result might have been different. As it was, Margaret threw several gallons more water than the other, and so got the award of victory, in the shape of a fine of $4 and costs.

NOT BAD FOR AN OLD COCK.—A Green Mountain Boy, only ninety-two years of age, skated 2½ miles on the first day of January last, and did it as swiftly and handsomely as a youth of fifteen.

A LOOK BACK AT THEATRICALS.

"By permission of His Honor, the President, at the new theatre in Annapolis, by the company of comedians, on Monday next, being the 13th of the instant, July, 1752, will be performed a comedy called the 'Beaux Strategem.' Likewise, a farce called the 'Virgin Unmasked.' To begin precisely at seven o'clock. Tickets to be had at the printing office. Box ten shillings, Pit seven shillings and sixpence, Gallery five shillings. No person to be permitted behind the scenes."

—*Copied from the Maryland Gazette for the year* 1752.

The company alluded to above, was Hallams'; it had just left Williamsburg, Va., where the regular drama was first produced by a regular company, and could boast of names which have been handed down to us, identified with the brightest annals in our stage history. The Annapolis Theatre was torn down some forty years ago. It was the oldest temple in the United States reared to the dramatic muse, and should have remained as a relic of the "olden time," with all the pleasing associations of the past encircling it, giving, as 'twere, to the histrionic art,

"A local habitation and a name."

On the 18th of September, 1753, Hallam opened his theatre in Nassau street, New York. The site was originally occupied by the old Dutch church.

Wm. Warren made his first appearance in the United States at Baltimore, 1796, and at Philadelphia, November 5, 1796.

Cooper played Richard III. for the first time in Philadelphia, January 2, 1796.

The Philadelphia company went to New York in August, 1797, and lost, in fourteen weeks, $2,350.

John Darley made his first appearance as Captain Cheerly, 1759. His brother officers (he being in the army) deeming it a disgrace to the profession of arms, went to the theatre on purpose to hiss him. If it had an effect, it was to strengthen him in his determination, for he was long a favorite on the boards of the Chestnut-street Theatre.

Twaits made his first appearanc in America, November 23, 1803.

Geo. F. Cooke appeared as Richard III. at Philadelphia, March 25, 1811. Amount of house, $1,348.50; 2d night, $1,103.25; 3d night, $1,437.76; 4th night, $1,159.55; 5th night, $1,187; 6th night, $1,202.50; 7th night, $995.75; 8th night, $1,035; 9th night, $1,020; 10th night, $870,50; 11th night, $778; 12th night, $1,196.75—benefit, $1,365.25.

Cooke and Cooper played together April 26, 1811. Othello, Mr. Cooper; Iago, Mr. Cooke; house, $1,604.76.

Mr. Duff made his first appearance in America, Feb. 15, 1812.

Mr. Henry S. Finn (the lamented Finn) made his first appearance in Philadelphia, as Hamlet, March 9, 1818.

Master E. Forrest (now our national tragedian) played young Norval at the Walnut-street Theatre, January 8, 1821.

Mr. J. B. Booth's first appearance at Baltimore, Nov. 1, 1821.

Mr. E. Forrest played Jaffier, May 16, 1826, at the Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, for the benefit of Mr. Chas. Porter, which led to a star engagement at that establishment.

Wm. Warren was born in the year 1767, and came to this country in '96.

Warren's Falstaff was a masterpiece; he seemed—particularly in the latter part of his life—the Falstaff the immortal Shakespeare drew. His Sir Peter Teazle was the beau-ideal of all that was good. His old Norval still lives in our memory, and his old Hardcastle, being emphatically *his, died with him.*

His death occurred on the 19th of October, 1832. In 1831 he removed from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the writer of these lines found him in the latter place, the landlord of an obscure inn, the sign of Sir John Falstaff over the door. It was the resort of the friends of the drama, but they, alas! (in Baltimore particularly) were few. Of an evening I have noticed the old veteran of the drama hobbling up and down the pavement, by way of exercise, the victim of gout; his once round, plump, jolly-looking face, and rotundity of shape were gone—shrunk up, as it were. He was but the outline of the Warren of other and happier days. While in Baltimore he essayed once to play; it was on the occasion of his daughter's benefit. The effort was made, 'tis true; but I, who knew him in the "days of auld lang syne," noted with heart-felt emotion what a "falling off was there;" it was a melancholy picture to gaze upon—the last expiring rays of genius, going out with the lamp of life—the glimmering of the one was the dying of the other—they both went out together!—

"Death
Is but a step that reaches to eternity."

Edmund Kean made his first appearance in America, in the city of New York, as Richard III., November, 1820. He returned to England in September of the following year. His second visit to the United States was in 1825-6. Kean carried away the big toe of the immortal Cooke.

CRITICISM BELOW STAIRS.

MACBETH.

"This is a play," said Polly, "that many people think very fine, but I think nothing of it. I will tell you what it is, and then you can judge for yourself. Macbeth is a person of the Scotch persuasion, and Commander-in-Chief to his Most Gracious Majesty, King Duncan the First. He is dressed like a Scotchman. You know the snuff-box round the corner, where the great wooden figure is at the door? Well, that's the image of Macbeth. Well, in marching home after a battle, in which the destruction of human life must have been unprecedentiated in the annuals of war, for no more than six soldiers survived that fearful fight, not a blessed one more did he bring home. I counted them twice to be certain. It was a clever idea to show only a half-a-dozen survivors, as the audience could see at a glance the frightful gaps that death had made in the ranks, and that thousands upon thousands must have been left dead upon the field. A thrill of horror ran through the house when the six individuals in question came on and stood in a row on a little bridge, and a good many hissed, as though the scene was too painful for human suffering. I felt so too, and thought, how many parents are now bewailing the loss of their orphan children; how many orphan children the loss of their fatherless parents; and how many only sons the untimely end of their elder brothers! Well, three ugly old women, with clothes-props, stop the Commander of the Forces, and tell his fortune. They are sorcerers, so called from telling fortunes by tea sediment in cups and saucers. Three more dilapidated old ladies I never set eyes on, and so dirty; but that shows the attachment to their native soil. They tell him he'll come to be king; he's very ambitious, and his wife is ambitiouser, and she advises her husband to stick at nothing, or rather to stick at everything and everybody in order to get to the throne; and to make assurance doubly sure, to use his own words, he sticks him with two daggers. When the king is dead he is no more, and then Macbeth dresses himself up like a king and his wife like a queen. They then give an evening party, and a round hole, like the one in the street where the coals come in, opens in the floor, and up comes a Scotchman. I could not learn where he came from. It may have been the coal cellar, or one of the stations of the Underground Railway; but that doesn't matter. The king's ghost at his coming, and very much frightened besides, so much so that he frightens everybody else and breaks up the party, after spending a most unpleasant evening. Lady M. is then taken very ill, and cannot get a wink of sleep for weeks, and after suffering the intenseisest tortures, she dies of spontaneous combustion of conscience; and Macbeth has a sword stuck in his gizzard by some one who owed him a grudge, and that's the end of him. The fault of the play is that, instead of the people speaking broad Scotch, they all speak English as well as I do."

HOW THE COW CASE WAS SETTLED.

Kempton Bargos had a cow, which he let to Yankee Jim for six months, at the rate of two dollars a month. At the end of one month from the time Jim got possession, the cow died. Kempton then commenced suit against Jim for the value of the cow. There was no lawyer employed on either side, for the very good reason, that the article, like a number of other luxuries, had not yet been introduced. Bargos opened the case by stating the main points in it, and sustaining them with the proof. The cow was proved to have been worth ten dollars at the time Jim got her; and the fact of her death, which was considered sufficient by the plaintiff. The court not perceiving any disposition on the part of the plaintiff to say or do anything, gave judgment for the plaintiff.

The uninitiated supposed the controversy ended; but not so the defendant. After a few moments had elapsed, he arose, very deliberately, and said:—

"May it please your honor, I have a few words to say, if I may be allowed the privilege. Sir, I have been in this town three years. I know the people in it well, and they all know me. I know the court well, and the court knows me. I have played monte with the court often. And, your honor, in addition to all that, I claim the credit of first showing your honor the mysteries of the game of poker—a game, gentlemen, as far ahead of the game of monte as can be. But these things are neither here nor there. I just mention them to show that I know what I am about, and the court knows what it is about; and, gentlemen, I honor the decision of this court. In the absence of any evidence on my side, the decision is just and right. Gentlemen, I will now introduce some evidence myself. Harry Sanders, take the stand."

"Mr. Sanders, do you know of my hiring a cow of Kempton Bargos?"

"I do, sir."

"Do you know how much milk she gave a day?"

"She gave about ten quarts, sir."

"How much was that milk worth a quart?"

"Two quarts would fetch a media; or, in Yankee currency, three cents a quart."

"Now, Mr. Sanders, tell the court how many quarts of milk that cow would give in five months."

"Well, sir, if she gave ten quarts a day, in five months she would give fifteen hundred quarts."

"How much would that come to, Mr. Sanders, at three cents a quart?"

"Why, it would come to just forty-five dollars."

"Now, Mr. Sanders, take ten dollars, which was the value of the cow, and add it to what would be due Mr. Bargos at the end of five months, at two dollars per month for the use of the cow, and how much would that make?"

"Why, it would make just twenty dollars."

"Now, Mr. Sanders, take twenty from forty-five; how much remains?"

"Twenty-five, sir."

"Exactly; your honor, there is the whole case. Kempton Bargos is to pay me twenty-five dollars, and pay the costs, and that will square the yards."

And Kempton was ordered by the court to pay the twenty-five dollars! We have never heard of his making an appeal yet.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.

Some eighteen or twenty years since, a well-known resident of Tipton county was put on trial charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor upon a jury, which however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of sworn duty, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defence made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. Time passed, and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, etc., retired, all anxious, the accused not the least so, to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury hesitated one moment to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further. The appeals of the counsel for the defence had not been without their influences, and the jury stood unchangeable—six for conviction and six for acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could not be got together for a night, and sleep. Cards appeared mysteriously from the depths of sundry large pockets, and exercises in seven up and poker were zealously commenced.

About midnight, one of their number, Col. P., proposed that they should play a game of seven up, the result to decide the contest. The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to in all seriousness, and the whole crowd collected around Col. P. and his opponent, who proceeded to play the game on which was staked a human life.

Col. P. played to save the accused. His opponent played, and quite as zealously, to secure his conviction. The backers, five and five, stood behind them, encouraging the champions, and watching the game, dimly seen by the light of two candles, with the utmost interest.

The game proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood at six and six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt and turned Jack. The prisoner was acquitted, and every member of the jury joined in the shout, which startled the whole village, even the revelers at the "grocery."

Next morning the jury went into court and gave, to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "Not guilty."

The juryman who played an unsuccessful game for human life still lives, a most respectable citizen of the district. One of the counsel is a very distinguished member of the bar, and the accused has, we believe, gone to a higher court; but neither of them, nor any of the assemblage, nor the court, who marveled at the verdict, eighteen years ago, have ever learned that a human life was saved by turning "Jack." There are some curious episodes in the history of our early settlement; but who would think of venturing life upon turning "Jack?"

HIGH OLD SPORT.—In the absence of skating grounds this season, the ladies have got a new amusement under way. That is to say, they stick a pen-knife into a door casing three feet from the floor, and kick at it. As it is reached, it is raised until out of the kicker's reach. It is said to be an exciting, as well as healthful exercise.

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